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THE HEART OF OAK BOOKS

A COLLECTION OF TRADITIONAL RHYMES AND STORIES FOR CHILDREN, AND OF MASTERPIECES OF POETRY AND PROSE FOR USE AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL, CHOSEN WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE CULTIVATION OF THE IMAGINATION AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF A TASTE FOR GOOD READING

In Six Volumes

VOLUME III



THE

HEART OF OAK BOOKS

EDITED BY

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Third Book

FAIRY STORIES AND CLASSIC TALES OF ADVENTURE

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

In the preparation of the Heart of Oak Books I have received assistance of various sorts from various persons, to all of whom I offer my thanks. I regret that I am not allowed to mention by name one without whose help the Books would not have been made, and to whose hand most of the Notes are due.

The accuracy of the text of the pieces of which the volumes are composed has been secured by the painstaking and scholarly labor of Mr. George H. Browne of Cambridge, Mass.

C. E. NORTON.

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PREFACE.

A TASTE for good reading is an acquisition the worth of which is hardly to be overestimated; and yet a majority of children, even of those favored by circumstance, grow up without it. This defect is due partly to the fault or ignorance of parents and teachers; partly, also, to the want, in many cases, of the proper means of cultivation. For this taste, like most others, is usually not so much a gift of nature as a product of cultivation. A wide difference exists, indeed, in children in respect to their natural inclination for reading, but there are few in whom it cannot be more or less developed by careful and judicious training.

This training should begin very early. Even before the child has learned the alphabet, his mother's lullaby or his nurse's song may have begun the attuning of his ear to the melodies of verse, and the quickening of his mind with pleasant fancies. As he grows older, his first reading should be made attractive to him by its ease and entertainment.

The reading lesson should never be hard or dull; nor should it be made the occasion for instruction in any specific branch of knowledge. The essential thing is that in beginning to learn to read the child should like what he reads or hears read, and that the matter should be of a sort to fix itself in his mind without wearisome effort. He should be led on by pleasure from step to step.

His very first reading should mainly consist in what may cultivate his ear for the music of verse, and may rouse his fancy. And to this end nothing is better than the rhymes and jingles which have sung themselves, generation after generation, in the nursery or on the playground. "Mother Goose" is the best primer. No matter if the rhymes be nonsense verses; many a poet might learn the lesson of good versification from them, and the child in repeating them is acquiring the accent of emphasis and of rhythmical form. Moreover, the mere art of reading is the more readily learned, if the words first presented to the eye of the child are those which are already familiar to his ear.

The next step is easy, to the short stories which have been told since the world was young; old fables in which the teachings of long experience are embodied, legends, fairy tales, which form the traditional common stock of the fancies and sentiment of the race.

These naturally serve as the gate of entrance into the wide open fields of literature, especially into those of poetry. Poetry is one of the most efficient means of education of the moral sentiment, as well as of the intelligence. It is the source of the best culture. A man may know all science and yet remain uneducated. But let him truly possess himself of the work of any one of the great poets, and no matter what else he may fail to know, he is not without education.

The field of good literature is so vast that there is something in it for every intelligence. But the field of bad literature is not less broad, and is likely to be preferred by the common, uncultivated taste. To make good reading more attractive than bad, to give right direction to the choice, the growing intelligence of the child should be nourished with

selected portions of the best literature, the virtue of which has been approved by long consent. These selections, besides merit in point of literary form, should possess as general human interest as possible, and should be specially chosen with reference to the culture of the imagination.

The imagination is the supreme intellectual faculty, and yet it is of all the one which receives least attention in our common systems of education. The reason is not far to seek. The imagination is of all the faculties the most difficult to control, it is the most elusive of all, the most far-reaching in its relations, the rarest in its full power. But upon its healthy development depend not only the sound exercise of the faculties of observation and judgment, but also the command of the reason, the control of the will, and the quickening and growth of the moral sympathies. The means for its culture which good reading affords is the most generally available and one of the most efficient.

To provide this means is the chief end of the HEART OF OAK series of Reading Books. The selections which it contains form a body of reading, adapted to the progressive needs of childhood and youth, chosen from the masterpieces of the literature of the English-speaking race. For the most part they are pieces already familiar and long accepted as among the best, wherever the English language is spoken. The youth who shall become acquainted with the contents of these volumes will share in the common stock of the intellectual life of the race to which he belongs; and will have the door opened to him of all the vast and noble resources of that life.

The books are meant alike for the family and the school. The teacher who may use them in the schoolroom will find in

them a variety large enough for the different capacities and interests of his pupils, and will find nothing in them but what may be of service to himself also. Every competent teacher will already be possessed of much which they contain; but the worth of the masterpieces of any art increases with use and familiarity of association. They grow fresher by custom; and the love of them deepens in proportion to the time we have known them, and to the memories with which they have become invested.

In the use of these books in the education of children, it is desirable that much of the poetry which they contain should be committed to memory. To learn by heart the best poems is one of the best parts of the school education of the child. But it must be learning *by heart;* that is, not merely by rote as a task, but by heart as a pleasure. The exercise, however difficult at first, becomes easy with continual practice. At first the teacher must guard against exacting too much; weariness quickly leads to disgust; and the young scholar should be helped to find delight in work itself.

It will be plain to every teacher, after brief inspection, that these books differ widely from common School Readers. Their object is largely different. They are, in brief, meant not only as manuals for learning to read, but as helps to the cultivation of the taste, and to the healthy development of the imagination of those who use them, and thus to the formation and invigoration of the best elements of character.

C. E. N.

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THE

HEART OF OAK BOOKS.

THIRD BOOK.

JOG ON, JOG ON, THE FOOT-PATH WAY.

William Shakespeare.

JOG on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent[1] the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

THE BIRD.

Henry Vaughan.

HITHER thou com'st. The busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rain'd on thy bed
And harmless head;

[1] *hent*, to take hold of, to clear, to pass beyond.

And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence, whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloth'd thee well and warm.
All things that be praise Him; and had
Their lesson taught them when first made.

THE STORY OF THE ARGONAUTS.[1]

B. G. Niebuhr.

THERE was a King in Greece whose name was Athamas, and whose wife's name was Nephele. They had two children, a son and a daughter, who were very good, and loved each other very much. The son's name was Phrixus, and the daughter's Helle. But the father was wicked and put away his wife, the mother of the good children, and married another wife whose name was Ino, and who was very wicked. She treated the poor children very badly, gave them bad things to eat, and bad clothes, and beat them, although they were good, because they wept after their mother. Ino was a very bad step-mother. At last both Athamas and Ino sought to kill Phrixus and to offer him as a sacrifice.

But when he was brought to the altar, the God Hermes brought a fine large Ram which had wool of gold and could walk on the clouds. On this Ram with the golden fleece, Hermes placed Phrixus and also his sister Helle, and told them to go through the air to the country of Colchis.

[1] See the pronouncing vocabulary on p. 263.

The Ram knew his way. The children were told to cling with one hand to one of the horns, and they bent their other arms about each other's waists: but Helle let go her hold, and fell down into the sea. Phrixus wept very much because his good sister was dead, but went on riding until he came to Colchis. There he sacrificed his Ram, and nailed the fleece against an oak-tree.

Some time after, there was a king in Greece whose name was Pelias. He had a brother whose name was Æson, and Æson had a son whose name was Jason. Jason lived with his father in the country. Now it had been told to King Pelias, that if a man with only one shoe should come to him, he would take away his kingdom. Then it happened that King Pelias gave a great feast, to which he invited Jason. Jason had to wade through a brook on his way, for there was no bridge over the brook. There had been in the night a heavy storm, and much rain had fallen, and the brook was swollen. Then the ties of one of Jason's shoes were loosened, so that he lost it in the water, and he came with only one shoe into the King's house. When King Pelias saw this, he was afraid, because of what had been told him, and he bade Jason to depart out of the land, and not to come back unless he brought him the golden fleece from Colchis.

Now he who would get this fleece must make a long voyage and go through many perils. Jason was not at all afraid, and invited many brave warriors to go with him.

Jason built a large ship for himself and for his comrades. Then the Goddess Athene, who loved him, gave him a magic tree for his mast, which, if Jason questioned it, would tell him what he was to do.

The ship's name was Argo, and they who went in her were called Argonauts. Amongst the Argonauts, there were Hercules, the strongest of men, and two brothers, the sons of the North Wind, who had wings and could fly through the air, and another hero named Pollux, the best man in the world with his fists.

Then the Argonauts came with their ship to a country where there was a wicked king whose name was Amycus; when strangers came to his country, he made them fight with him, and he was very strong and killed them. But Pollux knocked him down and struck him dead.

After that, the Argonauts came to a town where there lived a king whose name was Phineus. He had once made Zeus, king of the gods, angry, and Zeus, to punish him, had made him blind. Whenever Phineus sat down to eat, there came great foul birds, called Harpies, which had a skin as hard as iron, and long sharp claws, with which they tore the people to pieces who wished to drive them away. As soon as the food was served, they would come and carry it away, and if they could not carry away all, they dirtied the dishes and the table, so that it was all filthy. So Phineus was near starving.

When the heroes came, he told them of his troubles, and begged them to help him. The heroes sat down with him at the table, and, as soon as the food was brought, the Harpies came flying in. Jason and his comrades drew their swords and struck at them, but it was of no use. Then the two sons of Boreas, the North Wind, who had wings, flew into the air; and the Harpies, being frightened, flew away, and the two heroes flew after them. The Harpies at last were tired out, and fell into the

sea and were drowned. So Phineus had rest and could eat.

When the wind was fair, the heroes went on board their ship Argo, to sail towards Colchis, and when they bade farewell to Phineus, he thanked them for the help they had given him, and gave them good counsel. In the wide sea over which they were to sail, two great rocks were floating, as icebergs float in the sea, and whenever they struck against each other, they crushed everything to pieces that had got between them. If a bird flew through the air when the rocks dashed together, they crushed it to death; and if a ship was about to sail through, they rushed together when the ship was in the middle, and crushed it into bits, and all that were in it died. Zeus had placed these rocks in the sea to prevent any ship from reaching Colchis. Phineus, however, knew that the rocks always parted very widely from each other after having struck each other. He gave advice to the Argonauts, how they might get safely through.

When they came near the place where the rocks were floating, the Argonauts sailed straight toward the passage; and when they were near, one of the heroes stood up, holding a dove in his hand, and let it fly. It went between the rocks, and they came swiftly together to crush it. But the dove flew so fast that the rocks caught only her tail, which was torn out, but the feathers soon grew again. Then the rocks again parted widely asunder, and then the heroes rowed with all their might and got safely through: so that when the rocks struck together again, they caught only a small bit of the ship's stern, which they knocked off.

When the Argonauts had passed happily through the Symplegades (as these rocks were called), they came at last to the river Phasis, which flows through Colchis. Some of them stayed in the ship; but Jason and Pollux and many other heroes went into the town where the king dwelt. The king's name was Æetes, and he had a daughter whose name was Medea. Jason told King Æetes that Pelias had sent him to fetch the golden fleece, and asked him to give it to him. Æetes did not like to lose the fleece, but he was afraid to refuse it; so he told Jason that he should have it: but first he must yoke certain brazen bulls to a plow, and plow up a great tract of land, and then sow the teeth of a dragon. The brazen bulls had been made by the god Hephaistos, who was a cunning smith. They walked and moved and were living like real bulls, and they belched out fire from their nostrils and mouths, and were far more fierce and strong than real bulls. Therefore, they were kept in a stable built of stone and iron, and were bound with strong iron chains. And when the dragon's teeth were sown in the earth, iron men would spring up with lances and swords, to kill him who had sown the teeth. Thus the king hoped that the bulls would kill Jason; and if the bulls should not kill him, then he thought that the iron men would do it.

Medea, the daughter of the king, saw Jason at her father's and loved him, and was sorry that he should perish. She knew how to brew magic liquors; she had a chariot drawn by flying serpents, and on this chariot she was carried where she wished; she gathered herbs on *many* mountains and in many vales on the brinks of

brooks, and from these herbs she pressed out the juice and prepared it. She went to Jason and brought him the juice, and told him to rub his face and his hands, and arms and legs, and also his armor, his sword and lance, with the juice; whereby he would become for a whole day stronger than all the other heroes together, and fire would not burn him, and steel would not wound him, but his sword and his lance would pierce steel as if it were butter.

Then a day was set when Jason should yoke the bulls and sow the teeth; and early in the morning, before the sun rose, King Æetes and his daughter and all his people came to see. The king sat down on a throne near the place where Jason was to plow, and the people sat around him.

Jason rubbed himself and his weapons with the juice, as Medea had told him, and came to the place. He opened the doors, and loosened the bulls from their chains, and seized each with one hand by its horn, and dragged them out. The bulls bellowed most horribly, and all that time fire came out from their nostrils and mouths. Then King Æetes felt glad; but when the people saw what a beautiful man and how brave Jason was, they were sorry that he should die; for they did not know that Medea was helping him. Jason pressed the heads of both bulls down to the ground; then they kicked with their hind legs, but Jason held them down so strongly that they fell on their knees.

The plow to which they were to be yoked was all of iron; Pollux brought it near and threw the yoke over their necks and the chain around their horns, whilst Jason kept their mouths and noses so close to the ground that they could not belch out fire. When Pollux had done

and the bulls were yoked, he leapt quickly away, and Jason seized the chain in one hand and the handle of the plow in the other, and let loose his grasp of the horns; the bulls strove to run away, but Jason held the chain so fast that they were obliged to walk slowly, and to plow the field. It was sunrise when they were yoked, and by noon, Jason had plowed up the whole field. Then he unyoked the bulls and let them loose; and they ran without looking behind them to the mountains. There they would have set all the woods on fire if Hephaistos had not come and caught them and led them away.

When Jason had done plowing, he went to King Æetes to get the dragon's teeth, and Æetes gave to Jason a helmet full of teeth. Jason took them out and went up and down the field and threw them into the furrows; and then with his large spear he beat the clods into small pieces, and smoothed the soil as a gardener does after having sowed. And then he went away and lay down to rest until evening, for he was very weary.

Towards sunset he returned to the field, and iron men were everywhere growing out of the soil. Some had grown out to the feet, others to the knees, others to the hips, others to the under part of the shoulders; of some only the helmet or forehead could be seen, whilst the rest of their bodies stuck in the ground. Those who had their arms already out of the earth and could move them, shook their lances and brandished their swords. Some were just freeing their feet and preparing to come against Jason.

Then Jason did what Medea had told him, and taking a big stone, he threw it upon the field just in the midst of

them. When the iron men saw the stone, each sprang quickly to seize it. Then they began to bicker amongst each other, because each wished to have it, and to cut and thrust at each other; and as soon as one got his feet out of the soil, he ran to join the others, and all of them fought together, until every one of them was killed. Meanwhile Jason walked leisurely over the field and cut off the heads of those that were about to grow up. In this way, all the iron men perished, and King Æetes became like a madman; but Medea and the heroes and the people were well pleased.

The next morning, Jason went to King Æetes and asked him now to give him the fleece; but the king did not give it to him, and said that he must come at another time; for he meant to have Jason murdered. Medea told this to Jason, and told him also that he must fetch the fleece himself, or else he would never get it. The fleece was nailed to an oak, and at the foot of the oak lay a dragon that never slept, and devoured all men that might touch the fleece. As the dragon was immortal, Medea could not help Jason to kill him. But the dragon ate sweet cakes with delight, and Medea gave to Jason honey-cakes, in which she had mixed a juice which would make the dragon go fast asleep. So Jason took the cakes and threw them before him; the dragon ate all of them, and at once fell asleep. Then Jason stepped over him, and drew out the nails with which the fleece was fastened to the oak; and taking down the fleece, he wrapped it in his cloak and carried it off to the ship. Medea came also, and became Jason's wife, and went with him to Greece.

Æetes, thinking the Argonauts would go back in the Argo, the same way they had come, sent a great many vessels to attack them; but they took another way, carried the Argo into the Ocean (which goes all around the earth), and so they came safe back to Iolcos. Jason gave the fleece to Pelias; Pelias soon after was put to death, and Æson became king.

THE FAIRY FOLK.

William Allingham.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.

Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

THE FROG-PRINCE.

ONE fine evening a young princess went into a wood and sat down by the side of a cool spring of water. She had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favorite plaything, and she amused herself with tossing it into the air and catching it again as it fell. After a time she threw it up so high that when she stretched out her hand to catch it, the ball bounded away and rolled along upon the ground, till at last it fell into the spring. The princess looked into the spring after her ball; but it was very deep, so deep that she could not see the bottom of it. Then she began to lament her loss, and said, "Alas! if I could only get my ball again, I would give all my fine clothes and jewels, and everything that I have in the world."

While she was speaking a frog put its head out of the water and said, "Princess, why do you weep so bitterly?" "Alas!" said she, "what can you do for me, you nasty frog? My golden ball has fallen into the spring." The frog said, "I want not your pearls and jewels and fine clothes; but if you will love me and let me live with you, and eat from your little golden plate, and sleep upon your little bed, I will bring you your ball again." "What nonsense," thought the princess, "this silly frog is talking! He can never get out of the well: however, he may be able to get my ball for me; and therefore I will promise him what he asks." So she said to the frog, "Well, if you will bring me my ball, I promise to do all you require."

Then the frog put his head down, and dived deep under the water; and after a little while he came up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the ground. As soon as the young princess saw her ball, she ran to pick it up, and was so overjoyed to have it in her hand again, that she never thought of the frog, but ran home with it as fast as she could. The frog called after her, "Stay, princess, and take me with you as you promised;" but she did not stop to hear a word.

The next day, just as the princess had sat down to dinner, she heard a strange noise, tap-tap, as if somebody was coming up the marble staircase; and soon afterwards something knocked gently at the door, and said:

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said,
By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade."

Then the princess ran to the door and opened it, and there she saw the frog, whom she had quite forgotten; she was terribly frightened, and shutting the door as fast as she could, came back to her seat. The king her father asked her what had frightened her. "There is a nasty frog," said she, "at the door, who lifted my ball out of the spring last evening: I promised him that he should live with me here, thinking that he could never get out of the spring; but there he is at the door and wants to come in!" While she was speaking, the frog knocked again at the door, and said:

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said,
By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade."

The king said to the young princess, "As you have made a promise, you must keep it; so go and let him in." She did so, and the frog hopped into the room, and came up close to the table. "Pray lift me upon a chair," said he to the princess, "and let me sit next to you." As soon as she had done this, the frog said, "Put your plate closer to me that I may eat out of it." This she did, and when he had eaten as much as he could, he said, "Now I am tired; carry me upstairs and put me into your little bed." And the princess took him up in her hand and put him upon the pillow of her own little bed, where he slept all night long. As soon as it was light, he jumped up, hopped downstairs, and went out of the house. "Now," thought the princess, "he is gone, and I shall be troubled with him no more."

But she was mistaken; for when night came again, she heard the same tapping at the door, and when she opened it, the frog came in and slept upon her pillow as before till the morning broke: and the third night he did the same; but when the princess awoke on the following morning, she was astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome prince standing at the head of her bed, and gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes that ever were seen.

He told her that he had been enchanted by a malicious fairy, who had changed him into the form of a frog, in which he was fated to remain till some princess should take him out of the spring and let him sleep upon her bed for three nights. "You," said the prince, "have broken this cruel charm, and now I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with me into my father's kingdom, where I will marry you, and love you as long as you live."

The young princess, you may be sure, was not long in giving her consent; and as they spoke, a splendid carriage drove up with eight beautiful horses decked with plumes of feathers and golden harness, and behind rode the prince's servant, the faithful Henry, who had bewailed the misfortune of his dear master so long and bitterly that his heart had well-nigh burst. Then all set out full of joy for the prince's kingdom, where they arrived safely, and lived happily a great many years.

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER.

Hans Christian Andersen.

THERE were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers, who were all brothers, for they had been made out of the same old tin spoon. They shouldered arms and looked straight before them. They wore splendid red and blue uniforms. The first thing in the world they ever heard were the words, "Tin soldiers!" uttered by a little boy, who clapped his hands with delight when the lid of the box in which they lay was taken off. They were given him for a birthday present, and he stood at the table to set them up. The soldiers were all exactly alike, except one, who had only one leg; he had been left till the last, and then there was not enough of the melted tin to finish him; but he stood just as firmly on one leg as the others did on two, and on that account he was very noticeable.

The table on which the tin soldiers stood was covered with other playthings, but the most attractive one was a pretty little paper castle. Through the small windows, the rooms could be seen. In front of the castle, a number of little trees surrounded a piece of looking-glass, which was intended to represent a transparent lake. Swans, made of wax, swam on the lake, and were reflected in it. All this was very pretty, but the prettiest of all was a tiny little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle. She, also, was made of paper, and she wore a dress of the thinnest muslin, with a narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders just like a scarf. In the middle of this was fixed a glittering tinsel rose, as large as her whole face.

The little lady was a dancer, and she stretched out both her arms, and raised one of her legs so high that the tin soldier could not see it at all, and he thought that she, like himself, had only one leg. "That is the wife for me," he thought; "yet she is too grand, and lives in a castle, while I have only a box to live in, five-and-twenty of us all together; that is no place for her. Still I must try to make her acquaintance." Then he laid himself at full length on the table behind a snuff-box that stood upon it, so that he could peep at the delicate little lady who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, the other tin soldiers were all placed in the box, and the people of the house went to bed. Then the playthings began to have their own games together, to pay visits, to have sham-fights, and to give balls. The tin soldiers rattled in their box; they wanted to get out and join the amusements, but they could not open the lid. The nut-crackers played at leap-frog, and the pencil jumped about the table. There was such a noise that the canary woke up and began to talk, and in poetry too. Only the tin soldier and the dancer remained in their places. She stood on the tip of one toe, with her arms stretched out, as firmly as he did on his one leg. He never took his eyes from her even for a moment. The clock struck twelve, and, with a bounce, up sprang the lid of the snuff-box; but, instead of snuff, there jumped up a little black goblin; for the snuff-box was a toy puzzle.

"Tin soldier," said the goblin, "don't wish for what does not belong to you."

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear. "Very well; wait till to-morrow, then," said the goblin.

When the children came in the next morning, they placed the tin soldier in the window. Now, whether it was the goblin that did it, or the draught, at all events the window flew open, and out fell the tin soldier, heels over head, from the third story, into the street beneath. It was a terrible fall; for he came head downwards, his helmet and his bayonet stuck in between the flagstones, and his one leg up in the air. The servant-maid and the little boy went downstairs directly to look for him; but, although once they nearly trod upon him, they did not see him. If he had called out, "Here I am," it would have been all right; but he was too proud to cry out for help while he wore a uniform.

Presently it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, till there was a heavy shower. When it was over, two boys happened to pass by, and one of them said, "Look, there is a tin soldier! He ought to have a boat to sail in."

So they made a boat out of a newspaper, and placed the tin soldier in it, and sent him sailing down the gutter, while the two boys ran by the side of it, and clapped their hands. Good gracious, what large waves arose in that gutter! and how fast the stream rolled on! The rain had been very heavy.

The paper boat rocked up and down, and turned itself round sometimes so quickly that the tin soldier trembled; yet he remained firm; his countenance did not change; he looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket. Suddenly the boat shot under a bridge which crossed the drain, and then it was as dark as the tin soldier's box.

"Where am I going now?" thought he. "This is the black goblin's fault, I am sure. Ah, well, if the little lady were only here with me in the boat, I should not care for any darkness."

Suddenly there appeared a great water-rat, which lived in the drain.

"Have you a passport?" asked the rat; "give it to me at once." But the tin soldier remained silent, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat sailed on, and the rat followed it. How he did gnash his teeth and cry out to the bits of wood and straw, "Stop him, stop him; he has not paid toll, and has not shown his pass."

But the stream rushed on stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already see daylight where the arch ended. Then he heard a roaring sound quite terrible enough to frighten the bravest man. It was only that, at the end of the tunnel, the gutter emptied into a large drain; but that was as dangerous to him as a high waterfall would be to us.

He was too close to it to stop. The boat rushed on, and the poor tin soldier could only hold himself as stiffly as possible, without moving an eyelid, to show that he was not afraid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and then filled with water to the very edge; nothing could save it from sinking. He now stood up to his neck in water, while deeper and deeper sank the boat, and the paper became soft and loose with the wet. At last the water closed over the soldier's head. He thought of the pretty little dancer whom he should never see again, and the words of the song sounded in his ears —

"Farewell warrior! ever brave,
Drifting onward to thy grave."

Then the paper boat fell to pieces, and the soldier sank into the water, and immediately afterwards was swallowed up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was inside the fish! a great deal darker than in the drain, and narrower too, but the tin soldier continued firm, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket. The fish swam to and fro, making the most fearful movements, but at last he became quite still. After a while, a flash of lightning seemed to pass through him, and then the daylight appeared, and a voice cried out, "I declare, here is the tin soldier!" The fish had been caught, taken to the market and sold to the cook, who took him into the kitchen and cut him open with a large knife. She picked up the soldier and held him by the waist between her finger and thumb, and carried him into another room, where the people were all anxious to see this wonderful soldier who had travelled about inside a fish; but he was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and — how many curious things do happen in the world! — there he was in the very same room from the window of which he had fallen; there were the same children, the same playthings standing on the table, and the fine castle with the pretty little dancer at the door. She still balanced herself on one leg and held up the other: she was as firm as himself. It touched the tin soldier so much to see her that he almost wept tin tears, but he kept them back. He looked at her, but she said nothing.

Presently one of the little boys took up the tin soldier, *and threw* him into the stove. He had no reason for

doing so, therefore it must have been the fault of the black goblin who lived in the snuff-box. The flames lighted up the tin soldier as he stood; the heat was very terrible, but whether it proceeded from the real fire or from the fire of love he could not tell. The bright colors of his uniform were faded, but whether they had been washed off during his journey, or from the effects of his sorrow, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, and she looked at him. He felt himself melting away, but he still remained firm with the gun on his shoulder. Suddenly the door of the room flew open, and the draught of air caught up the little dancer. She fluttered like a sylph right into the stove by the side of the tin soldier, was instantly in flames and was gone. The tin soldier melted down into a lump, and the next morning, when the servant took the ashes out of the stove, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. Of the little dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, which was burnt black as a cinder.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

THERE was a man who had three sons. The youngest was called Dummling, and was on all occasions despised and ill-treated by the whole family. It happened that the eldest took it into his head one day to go into the wood to cut fuel; and his mother gave him a delicious pasty and a bottle of wine to take with him, that he might refresh himself at his work.

As he went into the wood, a little old man bade him good-day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle; I am very hungry and thirsty." But this clever young man said, "Give you my meat and wine! No, I thank you; I should not have enough left for myself:" and away he went. He soon began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked long before he missed his stroke, and cut himself, and was obliged to go home to have the wound dressed. Now it was the little old man that caused him this mischief.

Next went out the second son to work; and his mother gave him too a pasty and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for something to eat and drink. But he too thought himself vastly clever, and said, "Whatever you get, I shall lose; so go your way!" The little man took care that he should have his reward; and the second stroke that he aimed against a tree, hit him on the leg; so that he too was forced to go home.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I should like to go and cut wood too." But his father answered, "Your brothers have both lamed themselves; you had better stay at home, for you know nothing of the business." But Dummling was very pressing; and at last his father said, "Go your way; you will be wiser when you have suffered for your folly." And his mother gave him only some dry bread, and a bottle of sour beer; but when he went into the wood, he met the little old man, who said, "Give me some meat and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty." *Dummling said*, "I have only dry bread and sour beer; if

that will suit you, we will sit down and eat it together." So they sat down, and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold it was turned into a capital pasty, and his sour beer became delightful wine. They ate and drank heartily; and when they had done, the little man said, "As you have a kind heart, and have been willing to share everything with me, I will send a blessing upon you. There stands an old tree; cut it down and you will find something at the root." Then he took his leave and went his way.

Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found in a hollow under the roots a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on to an inn, where he proposed to sleep for the night. The landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose, they were very curious to examine what this wonderful bird could be, and wished very much to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail. At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till his back was turned, and then seized the goose by the wing; but to her great surprise there she stuck, for neither hand nor finger could she get away again.

Presently in came the second sister, and thought to have a feather too; but the moment she touched her sister, there she too hung fast. At last came the third, and wanted a feather; but the other two cried out, "Keep away! for heaven's sake, keep away!" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may as well be there too." So she went up to them; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast, and hung to the goose as they did. And so they kept company with the goose all night.

The next morning, Dummling carried off the goose under his arm, and took no notice of the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind; and wherever he travelled, they too were obliged to follow, whether they would or no, as fast as their legs could carry them.

In the middle of a field the parson met them; and when he saw the train, he said, "Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you bold girls, to run after the young man in that way over the fields? Is that proper behavior?" Then he took the youngest by the hand to lead her away; but the moment he touched her he too hung fast, and followed in the train. Presently, up came the clerk; and when he saw his master the parson running after the three girls, he wondered greatly, and said, "Hollo! hollo! your reverence! whither so fast? there is a christening to-day." Then he ran up, and took him by the gown, and in a moment he was fast too. As the five were thus trudging along, one behind another, they met two laborers with their mattocks, coming from work; and the parson cried out to them to set him free. But scarcely had they touched him, when they too fell into the ranks, and so made seven, all running after Dummling and his goose.

At last they arrived at a city, where reigned a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so thoughtful and serious a turn of mind that no one could make her laugh; and the king had proclaimed to all the world, that whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife. When the young man heard this, he went to her with his goose and all its train; and as soon as she saw the seven all hanging together, and running about, treading on each other's heels, she could not

help bursting into a long and loud laugh. Then Dummling claimed her for his wife; the wedding was celebrated, and he was heir to the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

William Cullen Bryant.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,

Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creatures; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

THE BLUE LIGHT.

A SOLDIER had served a king his master many years, till at last he was turned off without pay or reward. How he should get his living he did not know: so he set

out and journeyed homeward all day, in a very downcast mood, until in the evening he came to the edge of a deep wood. The road leading that way, he pushed forward, but had not gone far before he saw a light glimmering through the trees, towards which he bent his weary steps; and soon came to a hut where no one lived but an old witch.

The poor fellow begged for a night's lodging and something to eat and drink; but she would listen to nothing: however, he was not easily got rid of; and at last she said, "I think I will take pity on you this once; but if I do, you must dig over all my garden for me in the morning." The soldier agreed very willingly to anything she asked, and he became her guest.

The next day, he kept his word and dug the garden very neatly. The job lasted all day; and in the evening, when his mistress would have sent him away, he said, "I am so tired from my work that I must beg you to let me stay over the night." The old lady vowed at first she would not do any such thing; but after a great deal of talk, he carried his point, agreeing to chop up a whole cart-load of wood for her the next day.

This task too was duly ended; but not till towards night; and then the soldier found himself so tired, that he begged a third night's rest: and this too was given, but only on his pledging his word that next day he would fetch the witch the blue light that burnt at the bottom of the well.

When morning came, she led him to the well's mouth, tied him to a long rope, and let him down. At the bottom, sure enough, he found the blue light as the witch

had said, and at once made the signal for her to draw him up again. But when she had pulled him up so near to the top that she could reach him with her hands, she said, "Give me the light, I will take care of it," — meaning to play him a trick, by taking it for herself, and letting him fall again to the bottom of the well. But the soldier saw through her wicked thoughts, and said, "No, I shall not give you the light till I find myself safe and sound out of the well." At this she became very angry, and dashed him, with the light she had longed for, many a year, down to the bottom. And there lay the poor soldier for a while in despair, on the damp mud below, and feared that his end was nigh. But his pipe happened to be in his pocket still half full, and he thought to himself, "I may as well make an end of smoking you out; it is the last pleasure I shall have in this world." So he lit it at the blue light, and began to smoke.

Up rose a cloud of smoke, and on a sudden a little black dwarf was seen making his way through the midst of it. "What do you want with me, soldier?" said he. "I have no business with you," answered the soldier. But the dwarf said, "I am bound to serve you in everything, as lord and master of the blue light." "Then first of all be so good as to help me out of this well." No sooner said than done: the dwarf took him by the hand and drew him up, and the blue light of course with him. "Now do me another piece of kindness," said the soldier: "Pray let that old lady take my place in the well." When the dwarf had done this and lodged the witch safely at the bottom, they began to ransack her treasures; and the soldier made bold to carry off as much of her gold and silver

as he well could. Then the dwarf said, "If you should chance at any time to want me, you have nothing to do but to light your pipe at the blue light, and I will soon be with you."

The soldier was not a little pleased at his good luck, and went into the best inn in the first town he came to, and ordered some fine clothes to be made and a handsome room to be got ready for him. When all was ready, he called his little man to him, and said, "The king sent me away penniless, and left me to hunger and want: I have a mind to show him that it is my turn to be master now; so bring me his daughter here this evening, that she may wait upon me, and do what I bid her." "That is rather a dangerous task," said the dwarf. But away he went, took the princess out of her bed, fast asleep as she was, and brought her to the soldier.

Very early in the morning, he carried her back; and as soon as she saw her father, she said, "I had a strange dream last night: I thought I was carried away through the air to a soldier's house, and there I waited upon him as his servant." Then the king wondered greatly at such a story; but told her to make a hole in her pocket and fill the pocket with peas, so that if it were really as she said, and the whole was not a dream, the peas might fall out in the streets as she passed through, and leave a clue to tell whither she had been taken. She did so; but the dwarf had heard the king's plot; and when evening came, and the soldier said he must bring him the princess again, he strewed peas over several of the streets, so that the few that fell from her pocket were not known from the others; and the people amused themselves all the next

day picking up peas, and wondering where so many came from.

When the princess told her father what had happened to her the second time, he said, "Take one of your shoes with you and hide it in the room you are taken to." The dwarf heard this also; and when the soldier told him to bring the king's daughter again, he said, "I cannot save you this time; it will be an unlucky thing for you if you are found out,—as I think you will be." But the soldier would have his own way. "Then you must take care, and make the best of your way out of the city gate very early in the morning," said the dwarf.

The princess kept one shoe on, as her father bade her, and hid it in the soldier's room: and when she got back to her father, he ordered it to be sought for all over the town; and at last it was found where she had hid it. The soldier had run away, it is true! But he had been too slow, and was soon caught and thrown into a strong prison, and loaded with chains:—what was worse, in the hurry of his flight, he had left behind him his great treasure, the blue light, and all his gold, and had nothing left in his pocket but one poor ducat.

As he was standing very sorrowfully at the prison grating, he saw one of his comrades, and calling out to him said, "If you will bring me a little bundle I left in the inn, I will give you a ducat." His comrade thought this very good pay for such a job; so he went away, and soon came back bringing the blue light and the gold. Then the soldier soon lit his pipe; up rose the smoke, and with it came his old friend the little dwarf. "Do not fear, master," said he, "keep up your heart at your

trial and leave everything to take its course; — only mind to take the blue light with you." The trial soon came on; the matter was sifted to the bottom; the prisoner found guilty, and his doom passed: he was ordered to be hanged forthwith on the gallows tree.

But as he was led out, he said he had one favor to beg of the king. "What is it?" said his majesty. "That you will deign to let me smoke one pipe on the road." "Two, if you like," said the king. Then he lit his pipe at the blue light, and the black dwarf was before him in a moment. "Be so good as to kill, slay, or put to flight all these people," said the soldier; "and as for the king, you may cut him into three pieces." Then the dwarf began to lay about him, and soon got rid of the crowd around: but the king begged hard for mercy; and to save his life, agreed to let the soldier have the princess for his wife, and to leave the kingdom to him when he died.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

From THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Lewis Carroll.

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:

We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And some of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine!" the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice;

I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

Hans Christian Andersen.

It was lovely summer weather in the country, and the golden corn, the green oats, and the haystacks in the meadows looked beautiful. On a sunny slope, stood a *pleasant old* farm-house, close by a deep river. Under

some big burdock leaves on the bank, sat a duck on her nest, waiting for her young brood to hatch; she was beginning to get tired of her task, for the little ones were a long time coming out of their shells.

At length one shell cracked, and then another, and from each egg came a living creature that lifted its head and cried, "Peep, peep." "Quack, quack," said the mother, and then they all quacked as well as they could, and looked about them on every side at the large green leaves. Their mother allowed them to look as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes. "How large the world is," said the young ducks, when they found how much more room they now had than while they were inside the egg-shell. "Do you imagine this is the whole world?" asked the mother; "wait till you have seen the garden; it stretches far beyond that to the parson's field, but I have never ventured so far. Are you all out?" she continued, rising; "no, I declare, the largest egg lies there still. I wonder how long this is to last, I am quite tired of it;" and she seated herself again on the nest.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck, who paid her a visit.

"One egg is not hatched yet," said the duck, "it will not break. But just look at all the others, are they not the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw?"

"Let me see the egg that will not hatch," said the old duck; "I have no doubt it is a turkey's egg. I was persuaded to hatch some once, and after all my care and trouble with the young ones, they were afraid of the water. I quacked and clucked, but all to no purpose.

could not get them to venture in. Let me look at the egg. Yes, that is a turkey's egg; take my advice, leave it where it is, and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little while longer," said the duck; "I have sat so long already, a few days will be nothing."

"Please yourself," said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the large egg hatched, and a young one crept forth, crying, "Peep, peep." It was very large and ugly. The duck stared at it, and exclaimed, "It is very large, and not at all like the others. I wonder if it really is a turkey. We shall soon find out when we go to the water. It must go in, if I have to push it in myself."

On the next day, the weather was delightful, and the sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, so the mother duck took her young brood down to the water, and jumped in with a splash. "Quack, quack," cried she, and one after another the little ducklings jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant, and swam about quite prettily with their legs paddling under them as easily as possible, and the ugly duckling swam with them.

"Oh," said the mother, "that is not a turkey; how well he uses his legs, and how upright he holds himself! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly after all if you look at him properly. Quack, quack! come with me now, I will take you to the farmyard, but you must keep close to me, or you may be trodden upon; and, above all, beware of the cat."

The ducklings did as they were bid, and, when they

came to the yard, the other ducks stared, and said, "Look, here comes another brood, as if there were not enough of us already! and what a queer-looking object one of them is; we don't want him here," and then one flew at him and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone," said his mother; "he is not doing any harm."

"Yes, but he is too big and ugly," said the spiteful duck, "and therefore he must be turned out."

They soon got to feel at home in the farmyard; but the poor duckling that had crept out of his shell last of all and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and made fun of, not only by the ducks, but by all the poultry. "He is too big," they all said, and the turkey cock, who had been born into the world with spurs, and fancied himself really an emperor, puffed himself out and flew at the duckling, and became quite red in the head with passion, so that the poor little thing did not know where to go, and was quite miserable because he was so ugly and laughed at by the whole farmyard. So it went on from day to day, till it got worse and worse. The poor duckling was driven about by every one; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and would say, "Ah, you ugly creature, I wish the cat would get you," and his mother said she wished he had never been born. The ducks pecked him, the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him. So at last he ran away, frightening the little birds in the hedge as he flew over the palings.

"They are afraid of me because I am so ugly," he said. So he closed his eyes, and flew still farther, until

he came out on a large moor, inhabited by wild ducks. Here he remained the whole night, feeling very tired and sorrowful.

In the morning, when the wild ducks rose in the air, they stared at their new comrade. "What sort of duck are you?" they all said, coming round him.

He bowed to them, and was as polite as he could be, but he did not reply to their question. "You are exceedingly ugly," said the wild ducks, "but that will not matter if you do not marry into our family." Poor thing! all he wanted was to stay among the rushes, and find something to eat and drink.

After he had been on the moor two days, some men came to shoot the birds there. How they terrified the poor duckling! He hid himself among the reeds, and lay quite still, when suddenly a dog came running by him, and went splash into the water without touching him. "Oh," sighed the duckling, "how thankful I am for being so ugly; even a dog will not bite me."

It was late in the day before all became quiet, but even then the poor young thing did not dare to move. He waited for several hours, and then, after looking carefully around him, hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over field and meadow till a storm arose, and he could hardly struggle against it. Towards evening, he reached a poor little cottage. The duckling was so tired that he could go no farther; he sat down by the cottage, and then he noticed that there was a hole near the bottom of the door, large enough for him to slip through, which he did very quietly and got a shelter for the night.

A woman, a tom-cat, and a hen lived in this cottage.

The tom-cat, whom his mistress called "My little son," was a great favorite; he could raise his back, and purr, and could even throw out sparks from his fur if it were stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, so she was called "Chickie short legs." She laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child. In the morning, the strange visitor was discovered, and the tom-cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

"What is that noise about?" said the old woman, looking round the room, but her sight was not very good; therefore, when she saw the duckling, she thought it must be a fat duck that had strayed from home. "Oh, what a prize!" she exclaimed, "I hope it is not a drake, for then I shall have some duck's eggs. I must wait and see." So the duckling was allowed to remain on trial for three weeks, but there were no eggs.

Now the tom-cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress, and they always said, "We and the world," for they believed themselves to be half the world, and the better half too. The duckling thought that others might hold a different opinion on the subject, but the hen would not listen to such doubts. "Can you lay eggs?" she asked. "No." "Then have the goodness to hold your tongue." "Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?" said the tom-cat. "No." "Then you have no right to express an opinion when sensible people are speaking." So the duckling sat in a corner, feeling very low-spirited, till the sunshine and the fresh air came into the room through the open door, and then he began to feel such a great longing for a swim on the water, that he could *not* help telling the hen.

"What an absurd idea," said the hen. "You have nothing else to do, therefore you have foolish fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs, they would pass away."

"But it is delightful to swim about on the water," said the duckling, "and so refreshing to feel it close over your head, while you dive down to the bottom."

"Delightful indeed!" said the hen, "why you must be crazy! Ask the cat, he is the cleverest animal I know, ask him how he would like to swim about on the water, or to dive under it, for I will not speak of my own opinion; ask our mistress, the old woman — there is no one in the world more clever than she is. Do you think she would like to swim, or to let the water close over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duckling.

"We don't understand you? Who can understand you, I wonder? Do you consider yourself more clever than the cat, or the old woman? I will say nothing of myself. Don't imagine such nonsense, child, and thank your good fortune that you have been received here. Are you not in a warm room, and in society from which you may learn something. But you are a chatterer, and your company is not very agreeable. Believe me, I speak only for your good. I may tell you unpleasant truths, but that is a proof of my friendship. I advise you, therefore, to lay eggs, and learn to purr as quickly as possible."

"I believe I must go out into the world again," said the duckling.

"Yes, do," said the hen. So the duckling left the cottage, and soon found water on which he could swim and dive, but he was avoided by all other animals because *he was so ugly.*

Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned to orange and gold; then, as winter approached, the wind caught them as they fell and whirled them in the cold air. The clouds, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven stood on the ferns, crying, "Croak, croak." It made one shiver with cold to look at him. All this was very sad for the poor little duckling.

One evening, just as the sun set, amid bright clouds, there came a large flock of beautiful birds out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen any like them before. They were swans, and they curved their graceful necks, while their soft plumage shone with dazzling whiteness. They uttered a singular cry, as they spread their glorious wings and flew away from those cold regions to warmer countries across the sea. As they mounted higher and higher in the air, the ugly little duckling felt a strange sensation as he watched them. He whirled himself in the water like a wheel, stretched out his neck towards them, and uttered a cry so strange that it frightened himself. Could he ever forget those beautiful happy birds; and when at last they were out of his sight, he dived under the water, and rose again almost beside himself with excitement. He knew not the names of these birds, nor where they had flown, but he felt towards them as he had never felt for any other bird in the world. He was not envious of these beautiful creatures, but he wished to be as lovely as they. Poor ugly creature, how gladly he would have lived even with the ducks, had they only given him encouragement. The winter grew colder and colder; he was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing, but

every night the space on which he swam became smaller and smaller. At length it froze so hard that the ice in the water crackled as he moved, and the duckling had to paddle with his legs as well as he could, to keep the space from closing up. He became exhausted at last, and lay still and helpless, frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning, a peasant, who was passing by, saw what had happened. He broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. The warmth revived the poor little creature; but when the children wanted to play with him, the duckling thought they would do him some harm; so he started up in terror, fluttered into the milk-pan, and splashed the milk about the room. Then the woman clapped her hands, which frightened him still more. He flew first into the butter-cask, then into the meal-tub, and out again. What a condition he was in! The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs; the children laughed and screamed, and tumbled over each other, in their efforts to catch him; but luckily he escaped. The door stood open; the poor creature could just manage to slip out among the bushes, and lie down quite exhausted in the newly fallen snow.

It would be very sad, were I to relate all the misery and privations which the poor little duckling endured during the hard winter; but when it had passed, he found himself lying one morning in a moor, amongst the rushes. He felt the warm sun shining, and heard the lark singing, and saw that all around was beautiful spring. Then the young bird felt that his wings were strong, as he flapped them against his sides, and rose high into the air.

They bore him onwards, until he found himself in a large garden, before he well knew how it had happened. The apple-trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elders bent their long green branches down to the stream which wound round a smooth lawn. Everything looked beautiful, in the freshness of early spring. From a thicket close by, came three beautiful white swans, rustling their feathers, and swimming lightly over the smooth water. The duckling remembered the lovely birds, and felt more strangely unhappy than ever.

"I will fly to these royal birds," he exclaimed, "and they will kill me, because I am so ugly, and dare to approach them; but it does not matter: better be killed by them than pecked by the ducks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the girl who feeds the poultry, or starved with hunger in the winter."

Then he flew to the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans. The moment they espied the stranger, they rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

"Kill me," said the poor bird; and he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited death.

But what did he see in the clear stream below? His own image; no longer a dark, grey bird, ugly and disagreeable to look at, but a graceful and beautiful swan; and the great swans swam round the new-comer, and stroked his neck with their beaks, as a welcome.

Into the garden, presently came some little children, and threw bread and cake into the water.

"See," cried the youngest, "there is a new one;" and the rest were delighted, and ran to their father and mother, dancing and clapping their hands, and shout-

ing joyously. "There is another swan come, a new one!"

Then they threw more bread and cake into the water, and said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all; he is so young and pretty." And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing; for he did not know what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He had been persecuted and despised for his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder-tree bent down its boughs into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully, from the depths of his heart, "I never dreamed of such happiness as this, while I was an ugly duckling."

THE BROOK.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN.

In a certain kingdom once lived a poor miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was moreover exceedingly shrewd and clever; and the miller was so vain and proud of her, that he one day told the king of the land that his daughter could spin gold out of straw. Now this king was very fond of money; and when he heard the miller's boast, his avarice was excited, and he ordered the girl to be brought before him. Then he led her to a chamber where there was a great quantity of straw, gave

her a spinning-wheel, and said, "All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you value your life." It was in vain that the poor maiden declared that she could do no such thing, the chamber was locked and she remained alone.

She sat down in one corner of the room and began to lament over her hard fate, when on a sudden the door opened, and a droll-looking little man hobbled in, and said, "Good morrow to you, my good lass, what are you weeping for?" "Alas!" answered she, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how." "What will you give me," said the little man, "to do it for you?" "My necklace," replied the maiden. He took her at her word, and set himself down to the wheel; round about it went merrily, and presently the work was done and the gold all spun.

When the king came and saw this, he was greatly astonished and pleased; but his heart grew still more greedy of gain, and he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a fresh task. Then she knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the little man presently opened the door, and said, "What will you give me to do your task?" "The ring on my finger," replied she. So her little friend took the ring, and began to work at the wheel, and by morning all was finished again.

The king was vastly delighted to see all this glittering treasure; but still he was not satisfied, and took the miller's daughter into a yet larger room, and said, "All this must be spun to-night; and if you succeed, you shall be my queen." As soon as she was alone the dwarf came in, and said, "What will you give me to spin gold for

you this third time?" "I have nothing left," said she. "Then promise me," said the little man, "your first little child when you are queen." "That may never be," thought the miller's daughter; and as she knew no other way to get her task done, she promised him what he asked, and he spun once more the whole heap of gold. The king came in the morning, and finding all he wanted, married her, and so the miller's daughter really became queen.

At the birth of her first little child, the queen rejoiced very much, and forgot the little man and her promise; but one day he came into her chamber and reminded her of it. Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and offered him all the treasures of the kingdom in exchange; but in vain, till at last her tears softened him, and he said, "I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name, you shall keep your child."

Now the queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the odd names that she had ever heard, and dispatched messengers all over the land to inquire after new ones. The next day, the little man came, and she began with Timothy, Benjamin, Jeremiah, and all the names she could remember; but to all of them he said, "That's not my name."

The second day, she began with all the comical names she could hear of, Bandy-legs, Hunch-back, Crook-shanks, and so on; but the little gentleman still said to every one of them, "That's not my name."

The third day, came back one of the messengers, and said, "I can hear of no one other name; but yesterday, as I was climbing a high hill among the trees of the forest *where the fox* and the hare bid each other good-night, I

saw a little hut, and before the hut burnt a fire, and round about the fire danced a funny little man upon one leg, and sang:

"Merrily the feast I'll make,
To-day I'll brew, to-morrow bake;
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
For next day will a stranger bring:
Little does my lady dream
Rumpel-Stilts-Kin is my name!"

When the queen heard this, she jumped for joy, and as soon as her little visitor came, and said, "Now, lady, what is my name?" "Is it John?" asked she. "No!" "Is it Tom?" "No!" "Can your name be Rumpel-Stilts-Kin?" "Some witch told you that! Some witch told you that!" cried the little man, and dashed his right foot in a rage so deep into the floor, that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out. Then he made the best of his way off, while everybody laughed at him for having had all his trouble for nothing.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

THE bee buzz'd up in the heat.
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up in the cold
When the flower was wither'd and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

THE NOSE.

DID you ever hear the story of the three poor soldiers, who, after having fought hard in the wars, set out on their road home, begging their way as they went?

They had journeyed on a long way, sick at heart with their bad luck at thus being turned loose on the world in their old age, when one evening they reached a deep gloomy wood through which they must pass; night came fast upon them, and they found that they must, however unwillingly, sleep in the wood; so to make all as safe as they could, it was agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched lest wild beasts should break in and tear them to pieces; when he was tired, he was to wake one of the others and sleep in his turn, and so on with the third, so as to share the work fairly among them.

The two who were to rest first soon lay down and fell fast asleep, and the other made himself a good fire under the trees and sat down by the side to keep watch. He [illegible] long before all on a sudden up came a little

man in a red jacket. "Who's there?" said he. "A friend," said the soldier. "What sort of a friend?" "An old broken soldier," said the other, "with his two comrades who have nothing left to live on; come, sit down and warm yourself." "Well, my worthy fellow," said the little man, "I will do what I can for you; take this and show it to your comrades in the morning." So he took out an old cloak and gave it to the soldier, telling him that whenever he put it over his shoulders anything that he wished for would be fulfilled; then the little man made him a bow and walked away.

The second soldier's turn to watch soon came, and the first laid himself down to sleep; but the second man had not sat by himself long before up came the little man in the red jacket again. The soldier treated him in a friendly way as his comrade had done, and the little man gave him a purse, which he told him was always full of gold, let him draw as much as he would.

Then the third soldier's turn to watch came, and he also had the little man for his guest, who gave him a wonderful horn that drew crowds around it whenever it was played; and made every one forget his business to come and dance to its beautiful music.

In the morning, each told his story and showed his treasure; and as they all liked each other very much and were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world, and for a while only to make use of the wonderful purse. And thus they spent their time very joyously, till at last they began to be tired of this roving life, and thought they should like to have a home of their own. So the first soldier put his old cloak on, and wished for a

fine castle. In a moment it stood before their eyes; fine gardens and green lawns spread round it, and flocks of sheep and goats and herds of oxen were grazing about, and out of the gate came a fine coach with three dapple gray horses to meet them and bring them home.

All this was very well for a time; but it would not do to stay at home always, so they got together all their rich clothes and servants, and ordered their coach with three horses, and set out on a journey to see a neighboring king.

Now this king had an only daughter, and as he took the three soldiers for kings' sons, he gave them a kind welcome. One day, as the second soldier was walking with the princess, she saw him with the wonderful purse in his hand. When she asked him what it was, he was foolish enough to tell her; — though indeed it did not much signify, for she was a witch and knew all the wonderful things that the three soldiers brought. Now this princess was very cunning and artful; so she set to work and made a purse so like the soldier's that no one would know one from the other, and then asked him to come and see her, and made him drink some wine that she had got ready for him, till he fell fast asleep. Then she felt in his pocket, and took away the wonderful purse and left the one she had made in its place.

The next morning, the soldiers set out home, and soon after they reached their castle, happening to want some money, they went to their purse for it, and found something indeed in it, but to their great sorrow when they had emptied it, none came in the place of what they took. Then the cheat was soon found out; for the second soldier *knew* where he had been, and how he had told the

story to the princess, and he guessed that she had betrayed him. "Alas!" cried he, "poor wretches that we are, what shall we do?" "Oh!" said the first soldier, "let no gray hairs grow for this mishap; I will soon get the purse back."

So he threw his cloak across his shoulders and wished himself in the princess's chamber. There he found her sitting alone, telling her gold that fell around her in a shower from the purse. But the soldier stood looking at her too long, for the moment she saw him, she started up and cried out with all her force, "Thieves! Thieves!" so that the whole court came running in, and tried to seize him. The poor soldier now began to be dreadfully frightened in his turn, and thought it was high time to make the best of his way off; so without thinking of the ready way of travelling that his cloak gave him, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out; and unluckily in his haste his cloak caught and was left hanging, to the great joy of the princess who knew its worth.

The poor soldier made the best of his way home to his comrades on foot and in a very downcast mood; but the third soldier told him to keep up his heart, and took his horn and blew a merry tune. At the first blast, a countless troop of foot and horse came rushing to their aid, and they set out to make war against their enemy. Then the king's palace was besieged, and he was told that he must give up the purse and cloak, or not one stone would be left upon another. And the king went into his daughter's chamber and talked with her; but she said, "Let me try first if I cannot beat them some other way." So she thought of a cunning scheme to overreach them, and

dressed herself out as a poor girl with a basket on her arm; and set out by night with her maid, and went into the enemy's camp as if she wanted to sell trinkets.

In the morning, she began to ramble about, singing ballads so beautifully that all the tents were left empty, and the soldiers ran round in crowds and thought of nothing but hearing her sing. Amongst the rest, came the soldier to whom the horn belonged, and as soon as she saw him she winked to her maid, who slipped slyly through the crowd and went into his tent, where it hung, and stole it away. This done, they both got safely back to the palace; the besieging army went away, the three wonderful gifts were all left in the hands of the princess, and the three soldiers were as penniless and forlorn as when the little man with the red jacket found them in the wood.

Poor fellows! they began to think what was now to be done. "Comrades," at last said the second soldier, who had had the purse, "we had better part, we cannot live together, let each seek his bread as well as he can." So he turned to the right, and the other two to the left; for they said they would rather travel together. Then on he strayed till he came to a wood (now this was the same wood where they had met with so much good luck before); and he walked on a long time, till evening began to fall, when he sat down tired beneath a tree, and soon fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and he was greatly delighted, at opening his eyes, to see that the tree was laden with the most beautiful apples. He was hungry enough, so he soon *plucked and ate* first one, then a second, then a third

apple. A strange feeling came over his nose: when he put the apple to his mouth something was in the way; he felt it; it was his nose, that grew and grew till it hung down to his breast. It did not stop there, still it grew and grew; "Heavens!" thought he, "when will it have done growing?" And well might he ask, for by this time it reached the ground as he sat on the grass, and thus it kept creeping on till he could not bear its weight, or raise himself up; and it seemed as if it would never end, for already it stretched its enormous length all through the wood.

Meantime his comrades were journeying on, till on a sudden one of them stumbled against something. "What can that be?" said the other. They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose. "We will follow it and find its owner, however," said they; so they traced it up till at last they found their poor comrade lying stretched along under the apple-tree. What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but in vain. They caught an ass that was passing by, and raised him upon its back; but it was soon tired of carrying such a load. So they sat down in despair, when up came the little man in the red jacket. "Why, how now, friend?" said he, laughing; "well, I must find a cure for you, I see." So he told them to gather a pear from a tree that grew close by, and the nose would come right again. No time was lost, and the nose was soon brought to its proper size, to the poor soldier's joy.

"I will do something more for you yet," said the little man; "take some of those pears and apples with you; whoever eats one of the apples will have his nose grow

like yours just now; but if you give him a pear, all will come right again. Go to the princess and get her to eat some of your apples; her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did; then look sharp, and you will get what you want of her."

Then they thanked their old friend very heartily for all his kindness, and it was agreed that the poor soldier who had already tried the power of the apple should undertake the task. So he dressed himself up as a gardener's boy, and went to the king's palace, and said he had apples to sell, such as were never seen there before. Every one that saw them was delighted and wanted to taste, but he said they were only for the princess; and she soon sent her maid to buy his stock. They were so ripe and rosy that she soon began eating, and had already eaten three when she too began to wonder what ailed her nose, for it grew and grew, down to the ground, out at the window, and over the garden, nobody knows where.

Then the king made known to all his kingdom, that whoever would heal her of this dreadful disease, should be richly rewarded. Many tried, but the princess got no relief. And now the old soldier dressed himself up very sprucely as a doctor, who said he could cure her; so he chopped up some of the apple, and to punish her a little more gave her a dose, saying he would call to-morrow and see her again. The morrow came and of course, instead of being better, the nose had been growing fast all night, and the poor princess was in a dreadful fright. So the doctor chopped up a very little of the pear and gave her, and said he was sure that would do good, and he *would call* again the next day. Next day came, and

the nose was, to be sure, a little smaller, but yet it was bigger than it was when the doctor first began to meddle with it.

Then he thought to himself, "I must frighten this cunning princess a little more before I shall get what I want of her;" so he gave her another dose of the apple, and said he would call on the morrow. The morrow came and the nose was ten times as bad as before. "My good lady," said the doctor, "something works against my medicine, and is too strong for it; but I know by the force of my art, what it is; you have stolen goods about you, I am sure, and if you do not give them back, I can do nothing for you." But the princess denied very stoutly that she had anything of the kind. "Very well," said the doctor, "you may do as you please, but I am sure I am right, and you will die if you do not own it." Then he went to the king and told him how the matter stood. "Daughter," said the king, "send back the cloak, the purse, and the horn that you stole from the right owners."

Then she ordered her maid to fetch all three, and gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to the soldiers; and the moment he had them safe, he gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose came right. And as for the doctor, he put on the cloak, wished the king and all his court a good day, and was soon with his two brothers, who lived from that time happily at home in their palace, except when they took airings in their coach with the three dapple-gray horses.

LORD LOVEL.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle-gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, when will you come back?" said she;
"In a year or two, or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode, on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh, what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turnèd down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died, as it might be, today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple too,
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire.

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER.

THERE was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them all ready to make up the next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his

troubles; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to heaven, and fell asleep.

In the morning, after he had said his prayers, he set himself down to his work, when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes, already made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship; there was not one false stitch in the whole job; and all was so neat and true, that it was a complete masterpiece.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker with the money bought leather enough to make two pairs more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early that he might get up and begin betimes next day: but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was finished ready to his hand. Presently in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pairs more. He cut out the work again over night, and found it finished in the morning as before; and so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and prosperous again.

One evening about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should

As soon as it was midnight, there came two little naked dwarfs; and they set themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate, that the shoemaker was all amazement, and could not take his eyes off for a moment. And on they went till the job was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before day-break; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker, "These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good office in return. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of trousers into the bargain; do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much; and, one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves to watch what the little elves would do. About midnight they came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and were greatly delighted. Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out of the door over the green; and the shoemaker saw them no more: but everything went well with him from that time forward, as long as he lived.

THE FOUR CLEVER BROTHERS.

"DEAR children," said a poor man to his four sons, "I have nothing to give you; you must go out into the world and try your luck. Begin by learning some trade, and see how you can get on." So the four brothers took their walking-sticks in their hands, and their little bundles on their shoulders, and, after bidding their father good-bye, all went out at the gate together. When they had got on some way, they came to four cross-ways, each leading to a different country. Then the eldest said, "Here we must part; but this day four years we will come back to this spot; and in the meantime each must try what he can do for himself." So each brother went his way; and as the oldest was hastening on, a man met him, and asked him where he was going and what he wanted. "I am going to try my luck in the world, and should like to begin by learning some trade," answered he. "Then," said the man, "go with me, and I will teach you how to become the cunningest thief that ever was." "No," said the other, "that is not an honest calling, and what can one look to earn by it in the end but the gallows?" "Oh!" said the man, "you need not fear the gallows; for I will only teach you to steal what will be fair game; I meddle with nothing but what no one else can get or care anything about, and where no one can find you out." So the young man agreed to follow his trade, and he soon showed himself so clever that nothing could escape him that he had once set his mind upon.

The second brother also met a man, who, when he found

out what he was setting out upon, asked him what trade he meant to learn. "I do not know yet," said he. "Then come with me, and be a star-gazer. It is a noble trade, for nothing can be hidden from you when you understand the stars." The plan pleased him much, and he soon became such a skilful star-gazer, that when he had served out his time, and wanted to leave his master, his master gave him a glass, and said, "With this you can see all that is passing in the sky and on earth, and nothing can be hidden from you."

The third brother met a huntsman, who took him with him, and taught him so well all that belonged to hunting, that he became very clever in that trade; and when he left his master, his master gave him a bow, and said, "Whatever you shoot at with this bow you will be sure to hit."

The youngest brother likewise met a man who asked him what he wished to do. "Would not you like," said he, "to be a tailor?" "Oh, no!" said the young man; sitting cross-legged from morning to night, working backwards and forwards with a needle and goose, will never suit me." "Oh!" answered the man, "that is not my sort of tailoring; come with me, and you will learn quite another kind of trade from that." Not knowing what better to do, he entered into the plan, and learnt the trade from the beginning; and when he left his master, his master gave him a needle, and said, "You can sew anything with this, be it as soft as an egg, or as hard as steel, and the joint will be so fine that no seam will be seen."

After the space of four years, at the time agreed upon, the four brothers met at the four cross-roads, and having

welcomed each other, set off towards their father's home, where they told him all that had happened to them, and how each had learned some trade. Then one day, as they were sitting before the house under a very high tree, the father said, "I should like to try what each of you can do in his trade." So he looked up, and said to the second son, "At the top of this tree there is a chaffinch's nest; tell me how many eggs there are in it." The star-gazer took his glass, looked up, and said, "Five." "Now," said the father to the eldest son, "take away the eggs without the bird that is sitting upon them and hatching them knowing anything of what you are doing." So the cunning thief climbed up the tree, and brought away to his father the five eggs from under the bird, who never saw or felt what he was doing, but kept sitting on at her ease. Then the father took the eggs, and put one on each corner of the table and the fifth in the middle, and said to the huntsman, "Cut all the eggs in two pieces at one shot." The huntsman took up his bow, and at one shot struck all the five eggs as his father wished. "Now comes your turn," said he to the young tailor; "sew the eggs and the young birds in them together again, so neatly that the shot shall have done them no harm." Then the tailor took his needle and sewed the eggs as he was told; and when he had done, the thief was sent to take them back to the nest, and put them under the bird, without her knowing it. Then she went on sitting, and hatched them; and in a few days they crawled out, and had only a little red streak across their necks where the tailor had sewed them together.

"*Well done, sons!*" said the old man, "you have made

good use of your time, and learnt something worth the knowing; but I am sure I do not know which ought to have the prize. Oh! that the time might soon come for you to turn your skill to some account!"

Not long after this there was a great bustle in the country; for the king's daughter had been carried off by a mighty dragon, and the king mourned over his loss day and night, and made it known that whoever brought her back to him should have her for a wife. Then the four brothers said to each other, "Here is a chance for us; let us try what we can do." And they agreed to see if they could not set the princess free. "I will soon find out where she is, however," said the star-gazer as he looked through his glass, and soon cried out, "I see her afar off, sitting upon a rock in the sea, and I can spy the dragon close by, guarding her." Then he went to the king, and asked for a ship for himself and his brothers, and went with them upon the sea till they came to the right place. There they found the princess sitting, as the star-gazer had said, on the rock, and the dragon was lying asleep with his head upon her lap. "I dare not shoot at him," said the huntsman, "for I should kill the beautiful young lady also." "Then I will try my skill," said the thief; and he went and stole her away from under the dragon so quickly and gently that the beast did not know it, but went on snoring.

Then away they hastened with her full of joy in their boat towards the ship; but soon came the dragon roaring behind them through the air, for he awoke and missed the princess; but when he got over the boat, and wanted to pounce upon them and carry off the princess, the huntsman took up his bow, and shot him straight in the

heart, so that he fell down dead. They were still not safe; for he was such a great beast, that in his fall he overset the boat, and they had to swim in the open sea upon a few planks. So the tailor took his needle, and with a few large stitches put some of the planks together, and sat down upon them, and sailed about and gathered up all the pieces of the boat, and tacked them together so quickly that the boat was soon ready, and then they reached the ship and got home safe.

When they had brought home the princess to her father, there was great rejoicing; and he said to the four brothers, "One of you shall marry her, but you must settle amongst yourselves which it is to be." Then there arose a quarrel between them; and the star-gazer said, "If I had not found the princess out, all your skill would have been of no use; therefore, she ought to be mine." "Your seeing her would have been of no use," said the thief, "if I had not taken her away from the dragon; therefore, she ought to be mine." "No, she is mine," said the huntsman; "for if I had not killed the dragon, he would after all have torn you and the princess into pieces." "And if I had not sewed the boat together again," said the tailor, "you would all have been drowned; therefore, she is mine." Then the king put in a word, and said, "Each of you is right; and as all cannot have the princess, the best way is for none of you to have her; and to make up for the loss, I will give each, as a reward for his skill, half a kingdom." So the brothers agreed that would be much better than quarrelling; and the king then gave each half a kingdom, as he had promised; and they lived very happily *the rest of their* days, and took good care of their father.

HANS IN LUCK.

HANS had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up; I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after the other, a man came in sight, trotting along gaily on a capital horse. "Ah!" cried Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how." The horseman heard this, and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot, then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulders sadly." "What do you say to changing?" said the horseman; "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver." "With all my heart," said Hans; "but I tell you one thing, — you'll have a weary task to drag it along." The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into his hand, and said, "When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry 'Jip.'"

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips and cried, "Jip!"

Away went the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the roadside; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I am off now once for all: I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow!" "Well," said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse." "Done!" said Hans merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse, and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread, I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk: what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave his last penny for a glass of beer: then he drove his cow towards his mother's village; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he, "now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst;" so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and managing the matter

very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by, wheeling a pig in a wheel-barrow. "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher, as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk, she is an old beast good for nothing but the slaughter-house." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it? If I kill her, what would she be good for? I hate cow-beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it; it would, at any rate, make some sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "to please you I'll change, and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheel-barrow, and drove it off, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him. The next person he met was a countryman, carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what o'clock it was; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening. "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it, may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. "Hark ye," said he, "my good friend; your pig may get you into a

scrape; in the village I have just come from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they'll do, will be to throw you into the horse-pond."

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I; take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "however, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care.

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissors-grinder, with his wheel, working away, and singing. Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master-grinder, you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it: — but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that." "And the silver?" "Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made." "Very true: but how is that to be managed?" "You must turn grinder like *me," said the* other, "you only want a grindstone; the

rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear: I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it; — will you buy?" "How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans; "I should be the happiest man in the world if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more? there's the goose!" "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart; his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything that I want or wish for comes to me of itself."

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been travelling ever since daybreak; he was hungry, too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no further, and the stone tired him terribly; he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water and rest a while; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. "How happy am I," cried he: "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am." Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possest one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.

The father left his little son,
As plainly did appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:

But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here:

"To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."

With that bespake their mother dear:
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone,
They kissed their children small:
"God bless you both, my children dear!"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear;

"God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear
When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale:
He would the children send
To be brought up in London town
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be
And work their lives' decay:

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murder's heart relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hirèd him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So there they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life:

And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for fear!

He took the ch'ldren by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry;

And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town:

Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief;

No burial this pretty pair
From any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:

His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stay'd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To want and misery:

He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
Such was God's blessed will:

Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd:
Their uncle having died in jail,
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke,[1]
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,

Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

[1] *Eke*, also.

THE HISTORY OF JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER.

In the reign of King Arthur, near the Land's End of England, in the county of Cornwall, there lived a wealthy farmer, who had an only son, known by the name of Jack. He was brisk, and of a lively, ready wit; so that whatever he could not perform by force and strength he completed by ingenious wit and policy. Never was any person heard of that could worst him; nay, the very learned he many times baffled by his cunning, sharp, and ready inventions.

In those days the Mount of Cornwall was kept by a huge and monstrous giant, eighteen feet in height and about three yards in compass, and of a fierce and grim countenance, the terror of all the neighboring towns and villages. He lived in a cave in the midst of the mount, and he would not suffer any living creature to dwell near him. His feeding was upon other men's cattle, which often became his prey; for whenever he had occasion for food, he would wade over to the main land and seize whatever he could find. The people at his approach ran from their houses. Then he would take their cows and oxen, and make nothing of carrying over on his back half a dozen at a time; and as for their sheep and hogs, he would tie them round his waist like a bunch of candles. This he had practised for many years in Cornwall, which was much impoverished by him.

But one day Jack came to the town hall, where the magistrates were sitting in consultation about this giant, and asked them what reward they would give to any

person who would destroy him? They answered, "He should have all the giant's treasure in recompense." "Then I myself," quoth Jack, "will undertake the work."

He furnished himself with a horn, shovel, and pickaxe, and went over to the mount in the beginning of a dark winter's evening, where he fell to work. Before morning he had digged a pit two and twenty feet deep, and almost as broad, and had covered it over with long sticks and straws. Then he strewed a little of the mould upon it, and made it appear like plain ground.

This done, Jack placed himself on the side of the pit opposite the giant's house, just about the dawning of the day, and, putting his horn to his mouth, he blew *tantivy, tantivy*. This unexpected noise roused the giant, who came roaring towards Jack, crying out, "You incorrigible villain! are you come here to disturb my rest? You shall pay dearly for it. Satisfaction I will have, and it shall be this: I will take you whole and broil you for my breakfast." These words were no sooner out of his mouth than he tumbled headlong into the deep pit. His heavy fall made the very foundation of the mount to shake.

"Oh, giant," quoth Jack, "where are you now? Faith, you are in Lob's pound, where I will plague you for your threatening words. What do you think now of broiling me for your breakfast? Will no other diet serve you but poor Jack?" Thus having tantalized the giant for a while, he gave him such a weighty knock upon the head with his pickaxe that he tumbled down, and, giving a most dreadful groan, died. This done, Jack threw the earth in upon him, and so buried him. Then he searched the cave and found a great quantity of treasure.

Now when the magistrates who employed him heard the work was over, they sent for him, declaring that he should henceforth be called, *Jack, the Giant-Killer.* And in honor thereof they presented him with a sword, together with an embroidered belt, on which these words were wrought in letters of gold: —

Here's the right valiant Cornishman
Who slew the giant Cormoran.

The news of Jack's victory soon spread over all the western part of the land, so that another huge giant named Blunderbore, hearing of it, vowed to be revenged on Jack, if it ever was his fortune to light on him. This giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lonesome wood. Now Jack, about four months after, walking near the borders of the said wood, in his journey towards Wales, grew weary, and therefore sat himself down by the side of a pleasant fountain where a dead sleep seized him. At this time the giant came there for water and found him, and by the lines written on his belt knew him to be Jack who had killed his brother giant. Therefore without making any words he threw him upon his shoulder to carry him to his enchanted castle.

Now as they passed through a thicket the rustling of the boughs awakened poor Jack, who finding himself in the clutches of the giant was strangely surprised. Yet it was but the beginning of his terror, for as they came within the first walls of the castle, he beheld the ground all covered with the bones and skulls of dead men. The giant told Jack that his bones should increase the number

that he saw. This said, he locked up poor Jack in an upper room, and left him there while he went to fetch another giant, living in the same wood, to share his pleasure in the destruction of their enemy.

Now while he was gone, dreadful shrieks and cries affrighted Jack, especially a voice which continually cried: —

> "*Do what you can to get away,*
> *Or you'll become the giant's prey.*
> *He's gone to fetch his brother, who*
> *Will likewise kill and torture you.*"

This dreadful noise so amazed poor Jack that he was ready to run distracted, when, going to the window, he saw afar off the giants coming together. "Now," quoth Jack to himself, "my death or deliverance is at hand." Saying this, he took two strong cords which chanced to be in the room, and at one end of them made nooses. While the giants were unlocking the iron gate, he threw the rope over their heads, and, drawing the other ends across a beam, pulled with main strength until he had throttled them. He then tied the ends to the beam, and, sliding down by the rope, he came close to the heads of the helpless monsters and slew them with his sword. Thus he delivered himself from their intended cruelty. Afterwards he took the bunch of keys and unlocked the rooms. Upon strict search he found three fair ladies tied by the hair of their heads, and almost starved to death. They told Jack that their husbands had been slain by the giant, and they had been kept many days without food. "Sweet ladies," answered Jack, "I have destroyed this monster

and his brutish brother, and thus I have obtained your liberties." This said, he presented them with the keys of the castle, and went forward on his journey to Wales.

Jack, having but very little money, thought it prudent to make the best of his way by travelling as fast as he could, but losing his road, he was benighted, and could not get a place of entertainment until, coming to a valley between two hills, he found a large house, in a lonesome place; and by reason of his present necessity he took courage to knock at the gate. To his great surprise, there came forth a monstrous giant, having two heads. Yet he did not seem so fiery as the others had been, for he was a Welsh giant, and all he did was by private and secret malice, under the false show of friendship. Jack telling his condition, the giant bade him welcome, and showed him a room with a bed in it, whereon he might take his night's rest. Therefore Jack undressed himself, but as the giant walked away to another room, Jack heard him mutter these words to himself: —

"*Though here you lodge with me this night,*
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite."

"Sayest thou so?" quoth Jack. "Is this one of your Welsh tricks? I hope to be cunning enough for you." Then getting out of bed, he put a billet of wood in his stead, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the dead time of the night, the giant came with his great knotty club, and struck several heavy blows upon the bed where Jack had laid the billet; and then returned to his

own chamber, supposing he had broken all the bones in Jack's skin.

In the morning early Jack gave him hearty thanks for his lodging. "O," said the giant, "how have you rested? Did you not feel something in the night?" "No," quoth Jack, "nothing but a rat that gave me three or four flaps with his tail."

Soon after, the giant rose, and went to his breakfast of hasty-pudding, which he ate out of a bowl containing four gallons. He gave Jack a like quantity. Now Jack, who was loath to let the giant know he could not eat with him, got a large leather bag, and put it very artfully under his loose coat, and into this he secretly conveyed his pudding. Then, telling the giant he could show him a trick, he took a large knife and ripped open the bag, and out came the hasty-pudding. The giant seeing this cried out, "Odds splutters! hur can do that hurself!" Then taking the sharp knife, he ripped open his own body, from the top to the bottom, and fell down dead. Thus Jack outwitted the Welsh giant and went forward on his journey.

Now about this time King Arthur's only son wished his father to furnish him with a certain sum of money, that he might go and seek his fortune in the principality of Wales, where a beautiful lady lived, who he heard was possessed with seven evil spirits. The king, his father, advised him utterly against it, yet he would not be persuaded from it; so that he granted what he asked, which was one horse loaded with money, and another for himself to ride on. Thus he went forth without any attendants.

After several days' travel, he came to a market-town in Wales, where he saw a large crowd of people gathered together. The king's son demanded the reason of it, and was told that they had arrested a corpse for many large sums of money which the deceased owed when he died. "It is a pity," said the king's son, "that creditors should be so cruel. Go, bury the dead," said he, "and let his creditors come to my lodging, and their debts shall be discharged." Accordingly they came, and in such great numbers, that before night he had almost left himself moneyless.

Now Jack, the giant-killer, being there and seeing the generosity of the king's son, he was taken with him, and asked to be his servant. This was agreed upon, and the next morning they set out. When they were riding out at the town's end, an old woman called after them, saying, "The man has owed me two-pence these seven years. Pray, Sir, pay me as well as the rest." The prince put his hand in his pocket, and gave her the last penny he had left. "I cannot tell," said he, turning to Jack, "how we shall live on our journey." "For that," quoth Jack, "take you no thought nor care. Let me alone; I warrant you we shall not want."

Now Jack had a small sum in his pocket which served at noon to give them some bread; after which, they had not one penny left between them. The rest of the day they spent in travel and familiar discourse till the sun began to grow low, at which time the prince said, "Jack, since we have no money, where can we think to lodge at this night?" "Master," answered Jack, "we shall do *well enough, for I* have an uncle within two miles of this

place. He is a huge and monstrous giant, with three heads. He will fight five hundred men in armor, and make them fly before him." "Alas!" cried the king's son, "what shall we do there? He will certainly chop us up at a mouthful! Nay, we are scarce enough to fill one of his hollow teeth." "It is no matter for that," quoth Jack, "I myself will go before and prepare the way for you. Tarry here and await my return."

The king's son stayed, and Jack rode forward at full speed. On coming to the gates of the castle, he knocked with such force that all the neighboring hills echoed. The giant, with a voice like thunder, roared out, "Who is there?" "No one but your poor cousin Jack," piped the giant-killer. "What news with my poor cousin Jack?" said the giant. "Dear uncle! heavy news!" answered Jack. "Prithee, what heavy news can come to me?" asked the giant. "I am a giant, and with three heads; and besides thou knowest I can fight five hundred men in armor, and make them fly like chaff before the wind." "Oh, but here's the king's son coming with two thousand men in armor to kill you, and to destroy all that you have," quoth Jack. "Cousin Jack, this is heavy news, indeed!" answered the giant. "I have a large vault under ground, where I will immediately hide myself, and thou shalt lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys till the king's son is gone."

Now when Jack had locked the giant fast in the vault, he went back and fetched his master, and they were both heartily merry with the dainties which were in the house. So that night they rested in very pleasant lodgings, whilst the poor uncle lay trembling in the vault under

ground. Early in the morning Jack furnished his master with a fresh supply of gold and silver, and set him three miles forward on his journey; concluding he was, at that distance, pretty well out of the smell of the giant. He then returned to let his uncle out of the hole, who asked him what he should give him as a reward for saving his castle. "Why," quoth Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, together with the old rusty sword and slippers, which are hanging at your bed head." "You shall have them," said the giant, "and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of excellent use. The coat will keep you invisible; the cap will furnish you with knowledge; the sword cut in sunder whatever you strike; and the shoes are of extraordinary swiftness. These may be serviceable to you, and therefore pray take them with all my heart."

Jack took them, thanked his uncle, and followed his master. He overtook the prince and they soon after arrived at the house of the lady held in enchantment by the evil spirits. Finding the king's son to be a suitor, she made a noble feast for him. When it was over, she went to him, and wiping his mouth with her handkerchief said, "You must show me this handkerchief to-morrow morning, or else lose your head." And with that she put it in her own pocket.

The king's son went to bed very sorrowful; but Jack's cap of knowledge instructed him how to obtain it. In the middle of the night the lady called upon her familiar spirit to carry her to her friend Lucifer. Jack soon put on his coat of darkness, and his shoes of swiftness, and *was there before* her. By reason of his coat they could

not see him. When the lady entered the place, she gave the handkerchief to old Lucifer, who laid it upon a shelf near by. From this place Jack took it, and brought it to his master, who showed it to the lady and so saved his life.

The next day she saluted the king's son, and told him he must show her on the following morning the lips she had kissed last that night, or lose his head. "Ah," replied the prince, "if you kiss none but mine, I will." "That is neither here nor there," said the lady. "If you cannot do this, death is your portion."

At midnight off she went as before, and spoke angrily to Lucifer for letting the handkerchief go. "But now," she said, "I will be too hard for the king's son, for I will kiss even thy lips, and thine he will have to show me."

Jack, who stood near him with his sword of sharpness, cut off the imp's head, and brought it under his invisible coat to his master, who was in bed, and laid it at the end of his bolster. In the morning, when the lady came up, he pulled it out, and showed the very lips which she kissed last.

Thus having been answered twice, the enchantment broke, and the evil spirits left her, and she appeared in all her goodness and beauty. She married the prince the next morning, with much pomp and solemnity; and soon after they returned, with a great company, to the court of King Arthur, where they were received with the greatest joy by the whole court. Jack, for the many and valiant deeds he had done for the good of his country, was made one of the knights of the Round Table.

But Jack, who had done well all he had undertaken, resolved not to be idle for the future, but to keep doing what service he could for the honor of his king and country. After a time, therefore, he humbly begged the king to fit him with a horse and money to travel in search of new and strange adventures. "There are," said he, "many giants yet living in the remote parts of the kingdom, and in Wales, to the unspeakable harm of your Majesty's subjects; therefore, if you will give me your aid, I doubt not but in a short time I shall cut them off, and so rid your realm of those devouring monsters in human shape."

Now when the king had heard this noble offer, and duly considered the mischievous practices of these bloodthirsty giants, he immediately granted what honest Jack asked, and gave him all necessaries for his journey. And on the first day of March, he took his leave of King Arthur and all the trusty knights of the Round Table; and set out, taking with him his cap of knowledge, his sword of sharpness, the shoes of swiftness, and likewise the invisible coat, the better to perform the enterprises that lay before him.

Jack travelled over vast hills and wonderful mountains, and at the end of three days he came to a large and spacious wood, through which he must needs pass, when on a sudden, he heard dreadful shrieks and cries; and upon casting his eyes around to observe what might be, he beheld with wonder a giant rushing along with a worthy knight and a fair lady, whom he held in his hands by the hair of their heads, with as much ease as if they had been but *a pair of* gloves. The sight melted honest Jack into tears

of pity and compassion; wherefore, alighting from his horse, which he left tied to an oak-tree, and then putting on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness, he came up to the giant and made several passes at him; yet, though he wounded his thighs in several places, he could not reach the trunk of his body by reason of his height. At length, giving him a swinging stroke, he cut off both the giant's legs, just below his knees, so that the trunk of his body made not only the ground to shake, but likewise the trees to tremble with the force of his fall; at which, the knight and his lady escaped his rage. Then had Jack time to talk with him, and setting his foot upon his neck, said, "You savage and barbarous wretch, I am come to execute upon you the just rewards of your own villany;" and with that he ran him through with his sword. The monster sent forth a horrid groan, and so yielded up his life to the valiant conqueror, Jack, the giant-killer, while the noble knight and virtuous lady were both joyful spectators of his downfall.

They not only returned Jack hearty thanks for their deliverance, but also invited him to their house to refresh himself after the dreadful encounter, and to receive some ample reward for his good service. "No," quoth Jack; "I cannot be at ease till I find out the den which was this monster's home." The knight, hearing this, waxed sorrowful, and replied, "Noble stranger, it is too much to run a second hazard; for note, this monster lived in a den under yonder mountain, with a brother of his more fierce and fiery than himself; therefore, if you should go thither, and perish in the attempt, it would be the heart-

breaking of both this lady and me; so let me persuade you to go with us, and desist from any further pursuit." "Nay," quoth Jack, "if there be another, even were there twenty, I would shed the last drop of blood in my body before one of them should escape my fury; and when I have finished this task, I will come and pay my respects to you." So taking directions to find their dwelling, he mounted his horse, and left them to return home while he went in pursuit of the dead giant's brother.

Jack had not ridden more than a mile and a half before he came in sight of the cave's mouth, near the entrance of which he saw the other giant sitting upon a huge block of timber, with a knotted club of iron lying by his side, waiting, as he supposed, for his cruel brother's return with his prey. His goggle eyes were like terrible flames of fire, his countenance grim and ugly, and his cheeks looked like a couple of flitches of bacon; moreover, the bristles of his beard seemed like rods of iron, and his locks hung down upon his broad shoulders like curling snakes or hissing adders.

Jack got off his horse, and put him in a thicket; then with his coat of darkness on, came somewhat nearer to behold this figure, and said softly, "Oh! are you there? It will not be long before I shall take you fast by the beard." The giant all this time could not see him, by reason of his invisible coat; so Jack came up close to him and aimed a blow at his head with his sword of sharpness. He missed somewhat of his aim and cut off the giant's nose, the nostrils of which were wider than a pair of boots. The giant put his hands to feel his nose, the pain was so terrible; and when he could not find it, he roared louder than claps of

thunder, and though he turned up his large eyes, he could not see from whence the blow came which had done him the great disaster. Yet he took up his knotted iron club, and began to lay about him like one that was raving mad. "Nay," quoth Jack, "if you are for that sport, I will dispatch you quickly for fear a chance blow should fall upon me." Then as the giant rose from his block, Jack made no more to-do, but ran the sword up to the hilt in the giant's back. He capered and danced, and at last fell down with a dreadful fall, which would have crushed Jack had he not nimbly jumped away.

This second deed done, Jack cut off both the giants' heads, and sent them to King Arthur, by a wagoner whom he hired for the purpose, with an account of his prosperous success in all his undertakings. He then resolved to enter the cave, in search of their treasure; and in his way passed through many turnings and windings, which led him at length to a room paved with freestone. At the upper end of the room was a boiling caldron, and on the right hand stood a large table whereon, he supposed, the giants used to dine. Then he came to a window, secured with bars of iron, through which he looked, and saw a vast number of miserable captives. When they beheld Jack at a distance, they cried out with a loud voice, "Alas! young man, are you come to be one among us in this wretched den?" "Nay," quoth Jack, "I hope I shall not tarry long here. But pray tell me what is the meaning of your captivity?" "Why," said one, "I will tell you: We are persons who have been taken by the giants that keep this cave, and are kept here until they have occasion for a particular feast; then the fattest of us are slaughtered.

is not long since they took three for this same purpose." "Say you so?" quoth Jack; "well, I have given them such a dinner that it will be long before they have occasion for any more." The miserable captives were amazed at his words. "You may believe me," quoth Jack, "for I have slain them with the point of my sword; and as for their heads, I have sent them in a wagon to the court of King Arthur, as trophies of my glorious victory."

To show that what he had said was true he unlocked the iron gate and set the captives free. He then led them all together to the room, and placed them round the table, and set before them two quarters of beef, and also bread and wine, of which they ate very plentifully. Supper being ended, they searched the giant's coffers. They found a vast store of gold and silver, which Jack divided equally among them. That night they rested in the cave, and in the morning set out for their own towns and places of abode; but Jack turned towards the house of the knight whom he had saved from the hands of the giant.

It was about sunrise when Jack mounted his horse for the journey, and some time before noon he came to the knight's house, where he was received with every expression of joy by the knight and his lady, who in honor and respect of Jack prepared à feast which lasted many days. They invited all the nobles and gentry in that region; and to them the worthy knight was pleased to tell the manner of his former danger and happy deliverance, by the undaunted courage of Jack, the giant-killer; and by way of gratitude, he presented him with a ring of gold, on which was engraved by curious art the picture of a

giant dragging a distressed knight and his lady by the hair, with this motto round it: —

"*We were in sad distress, you see,*
Under a giant's fierce command;
But gained our lives and liberty
By valiant Jack's victorious hand."

Now, among the many guests there present were five aged gentlemen, who were fathers to some of those captives which Jack had lately set at liberty. As soon as they understood that he was the person who had done these great wonders, they immediately paid him their venerable respects. After this, their mirth increased, and they all drank to the health and success of the hero. But in the midst of their joy a dark cloud appeared, which daunted the hearts of the honorable company. For a messenger came and brought the dismal tidings of the approach of Thundel, a huge giant with two heads, who, having heard of the death of his two kinsmen, was come from the north to be revenged upon Jack for their death; and he was within a mile of the house, the country people all flying before him like chaff before the wind. At this news Jack, not in the least daunted, said, "Let him come. I have a tool to pick his teeth. I pray you, ladies and gentlemen, walk but into the garden, and you shall joyfully see this monster's end." To this they agreed; and every one wished him success in his dangerous enterprise.

The knight's house was placed in the midst of a small island, which was surrounded by a moat, thirty feet deep and twenty wide, over which lay a draw-bridge. Jack set two men to cut the bridge on both sides, almost to the

middle; and then dressing himself in his coat of darkness, and putting on his shoes of swiftness, he marched out against the giant, with his sword of sharpness ready drawn. When he came close to him, though the giant could not see him, by reason of his invisible coat, yet he was sensible of some approaching danger, which made him cry out: —

"*Fe, fi, fo, fum,*
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"Say you so?" quoth Jack, "then you are a monstrous miller indeed." At these words, the giant spoke out with a voice as loud as thunder: "Art thou the villain who destroyed my two kinsmen? Then will I tear thee with my teeth and grind thy bones to powder." "You will catch me first," quoth Jack; and with that let the giant see him clearly, and then ran from him as if afraid. The giant, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, followed him like a walking castle, and made the earth to shake at every step. Jack led him a dance three or four times round the moat, that the ladies and gentlemen might take a full view of this huge monster, who followed Jack with all his might, but could not overtake him by reason of his shoes of swiftness. At length, Jack, to finish the work, went over the bridge, the giant at full speed pursuing him with his iron club on his shoulder; but when the monster had come to the middle, the weight of his body, and the dreadful steps he took, broke it where it had been cut, and he tumbled into the water, where he *rolled and* wallowed like a whale. Jack stood at the side

of the moat and laughed at the giant, and said, "You told me you would grind my bones to powder; here you have water enough, pray where is your mill?" The giant fretted to hear him scoff at this rate, and though he plunged from place to place in the moat, yet he could not get out to be revenged upon his foe. At last Jack got a cart rope, with a slip knot, and, casting it over the giant's heads, by the help of a team of horses dragged him out, by the time he was nearly strangled. He cut off both heads with his sword of sharpness, in sight of all the company, who gave a joyful shout when they saw the giant's end; and before he either ate or drank, he sent these heads after the others to the court of King Arthur.

After some time spent in mirth and feasting, Jack grew weary of idle living; and taking leave of the knights and ladies, set out in search of new adventures. He passed through many woods and groves without meeting any, until he came late one night to the foot of a very high mountain. Here he knocked at the door of a lonesome house, and an old man, with a head as white as snow, let him in. "Good father," asked Jack, "can your house take in a traveller who has lost his way?" "Yes," said the old man, "if you can accept what my poor cottage offers, you shall be welcome." Jack returned him many thanks for his great civility, and down they sat together to a morsel of meat, when the old man said: "My son, I am sensible of your fame as a conqueror of giants; it is in your power to rid this country of a burden we all groan under. Now at the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle kept by a giant, Galligantus, who by the help of an old magician, betrays many knights and ladies into his

castle, where by magic art he changes them into sundry shapes and forms. But, above all, I lament a duke's daughter, whom they took from her father's garden, and brought to the castle through the air in a chariot drawn by fiery dragons. She is now in captivity within the walls, and, changed to the shape of a white bird, miserably moans her fate. Many worthy knights have tried to break the enchantment and work her deliverance, but none have been able to do so, by reason of two dreadful griffins that guard the castle gate and destroy any who come nigh. But you, my son, clad in your invisible coat, may pass by them undiscovered; and on the brazen gates you will find, engraved in large letters, the means by which the enchantment may be broken."

The old man ended his speech, and Jack gave him his hand, with a promise that in the morning he would risk his life in breaking the enchantment, and freeing the lady and her unhappy companions. They lay down to rest; but Jack arose early, and put on his invisible coat and cap of knowledge and shoes of swiftness, and so prepared himself for the dangerous enterprise. Now when he reached the top of the mountain, he soon saw the two fiery griffins; but he passed between them without fear, for they could not see him by reason of his invisible coat. When he had got past them, he cast his eye around him, and upon the gates found a golden trumpet, hanging by a chain of silver, under which these lines were engraved: —

"*Whoever shall this trumpet blow,*
Shall soon the giant overthrow;
And break the black enchantment straight,

Jack had no sooner read this inscription than he blew a strong blast, at which the vast foundation of the castle trembled. The giant and the magician were in horrid confusion, biting their thumbs and tearing their hair, because they knew their wicked reign was at an end. Jack came to the giant's elbow, as he was stooping to pick up his club, and at one blow with his sword of sharpness cut off his head. The magician saw this, and immediately mounted into the air and flew away in a whirlwind. Thus was the whole enchantment broken, and all the knights and ladies, who had been changed into birds and beasts, returned to their proper shapes and likenesses. As for the castle, though it seemed at first to be of vast strength and bigness, it vanished in a cloud of smoke; whereupon a great joy seized the released knights and ladies. According to his wont, Jack sent the head of the giant as a present to the king. The next day, after they had rested at the foot of the mountain, in the old man's cottage, they all set forward for the court of King Arthur.

When they had come to his Majesty, Jack related all the passages of his fierce encounters. As a reward for his good services, the king prevailed upon the duke to give his daughter in marriage to valiant Jack, protesting that there was no man so worthy of her as he. To this the duke very honorably consented, and not only the court, but the whole kingdom, was filled with joy and triumph at the wedding. After this, the king, as a reward for all the good service done the nation, gave him a noble dwelling, with a plentiful estate attached thereto, where he and his wife lived the rest of their days in great happiness and content.

CASABIANCA.[1]

Felicia Browne Hemans.

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm —
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud: — "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

[1] Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post in the battle of the Nile after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the *explosion of the* vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart!

ALI BABA, OR THE FORTY THIEVES.

In a town in Persia there lived two brothers, the sons of a poor man; the one was named Cassim, and the other Ali Baba. Cassim, the elder, married a wife with a considerable fortune, and lived at his ease, in a handsome house, with plenty of servants; but the wife of Ali Baba was as poor as himself; they dwelt in a mean cottage in the suburbs of the city, and he maintained his family by cutting wood in a neighboring forest. One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and preparing to load his asses with the wood he had cut, he saw a troop of horsemen coming towards him. He had often heard of robbers who infested that forest, and, in a great fright, he hastily climbed a large thick tree, which stood near the foot of a rock, and hid himself among the branches. The horsemen soon galloped up to the rock, where they all dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and he could not doubt but they were thieves, by their ill-looking countenances. They each took a loaded portmanteau from his horse; and he who seemed to be their captain, turning to the rock, said, "Open Sesame," and immediately a door opened in the rock, and all the robbers passed in, when the door shut itself. In a short time the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out, followed by their captain, who said, "Shut Sesame." The door instantly closed; and the troop, mounting their horses, were presently out of sight.

Ali Baba remained in the tree a long time, and seeing that the robbers did not return, he ventured down, and,

approaching close to the rock, said, "Open Sesame." Immediately the door flew open, and Ali Baba beheld a spacious cavern, very light, and filled with all sorts of possessions, — merchandise, rich stuffs, and heaps of gold and silver coin, which these robbers had taken from merchants and travellers. Ali Baba then went in search of his asses, and having brought them to the rock, took as many bags of gold coin as they could carry, and put them on their backs, covering them with some loose fagots of wood; and afterwards (not forgetting to say "Shut Sesame") he drove the asses back to the city; and having unloaded them in the stable belonging to his cottage, carried the bags into the house, and spread the gold coin out upon the floor before his wife.

His wife, delighted with possessing so much money, wanted to count it; but finding it would take up too much time, she was resolved to measure it, and running to the house of Ali Baba's brother, she entreated them to lend her a small measure. Cassim's wife was very proud and envious: "I wonder," she said to herself, "what sort of grain such poor people can have to measure; but I am determined I will find out what they are doing." So before she gave the measure, she artfully rubbed the bottom with some suet.

Away ran Ali Baba's wife, measured her money, and having helped her husband to bury it in the yard, she carried back the measure to her brother-in-law's house, without perceiving that a piece of gold was left sticking to the bottom of it. "Fine doings, indeed!" cried Cassim's wife to her husband, after examining the measure, "your brother there, who pretends to be so poor, is richer

than you are, for he does not count his money, but measures it."

Cassim, hearing these words, and seeing the piece of gold, grew as envious as his wife; and hastening to his brother, threatened to inform the Cadi of his wealth, if he did not confess to him how he came by it. Ali Baba without hesitation told him the history of the robbers, and the secret of the cave, and offered him half his treasure; but the envious Cassim disdained so poor a sum, resolving to have fifty times more than that out of the robber's cave. Accordingly, he rose early the next morning, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests. He found the rock easily enough by Ali Baba's description; and having said "Open Sesame," he gained admission into the cave, where he found more treasure than he had expected to behold even from his brother's account of it.

He immediately began to gather bags of gold and pieces of rich brocade, all which he piled close to the door; but when he had got together as much as his ten mules could possibly carry, or even more, and wanted to get out to load them, the thoughts of his wonderful riches had made him entirely forget the word which caused the door to open. In vain he tried "Bame," "Fame," "Lame," "Tetame," and a thousand others; the door remained as immovable as the rock itself, notwithstanding Cassim kicked and screamed till he was ready to drop with fatigue and vexation. Presently he heard the sound of horses' feet, which he rightly concluded to be the robbers, and he trembled lest he should now fall a victim to his thirst for riches. He resolved, however, to make an effort to escape; *and when he* heard the "Sesame" pronounced, and saw

the door open, he sprang out, but was instantly put to death by the swords of the robbers.

The thieves now held a council, but not one of them could possibly guess by what means Cassim had got into the cave. They saw the heaps of treasure he had piled ready to take away, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had secured before. At length they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and hang the pieces within the cave, that it might terrify any one from further attempts; and also determined not to return themselves for some time to the cave, for fear of being watched and discovered.

When Cassim's wife saw night come on, and her husband not returned, she became greatly terrified; she watched at her window till daybreak, and then went to tell Ali Baba of her fears. Cassim had not informed him of his design of going to the cave; but Ali Baba, now hearing of his journey thither, went immediately in search of him. He drove his asses to the forest without delay. He was alarmed to see blood near the rock; and on entering the cave, he found the body of his unfortunate brother cut to pieces, and hung up within the door. It was now too late to save him; but he took down the quarters, and put them upon one of his asses, covering them with fagots of wood; and, weeping for the miserable end of his brother, he regained the city. The door of his brother's house was opened by Morgiana, an intelligent, faithful female slave, who, Ali Baba knew, was worthy to be trusted with the secret.

He therefore delivered the body to Morgiana, and went himself to impart the sad tidings to the wife of Cassim.

The poor woman was deeply afflicted, and reproached herself with her foolish envy and curiosity, as being the cause of her husband's death; but Ali Baba having convinced her of the necessity of being very discreet, she checked her lamentations, and resolved to leave everything to the management of Morgiana. Morgiana, having washed the body, hastened to an apothecary's, and asked for some particular medicine; saying that it was for her master Cassim, who was dangerously ill. She took care to spread the report of Cassim's illness throughout the neighborhood; and as they saw Ali Baba and his wife going daily to the house of their brother, in great affliction, they were not surprised to hear shortly that Cassim had died of his disorder.

The next difficulty was to bury him without discovery; but Morgiana was ready to contrive a plan for that also. She put on her veil and went to a distant part of the city very early in the morning, where she found a poor cobbler just opening his stall. She put a piece of gold into his hand, and told him he should have another, if he would suffer himself to be led blindfolded and go with her, carrying his tools with him. Mustapha, the cobbler, hesitated at first, but the gold tempted him and he consented; when Morgiana, carefully covering his eyes, so that he could not see a step of the way, led him to Cassim's house; and taking him into the room where the body was lying, removed the bandage from his eyes, and bade him sew the mangled limbs together. Mustapha obeyed her order; and having received two pieces of gold, was led blindfold the same way back to his own stall. Morgiana *then* covering the body with a winding-sheet, sent for the

undertaker to make preparations for the funeral; and Cassim was buried with all due solemnity the same day. Ali Baba now removed his few goods, and all the gold coin that he had brought home from the cavern, to the house of his deceased brother, of which he took possession; and Cassim's widow received every kind attention from both Ali Baba and his wife.

After an interval of some months, the troop of robbers again visited their retreat in the forest, and were completely astonished to find the body taken away from the cave, and everything else remaining in its usual order. "We are discovered," said the captain, "and shall certainly be undone, if you do not adopt speedy measures to prevent our ruin. Which of you, my brave comrades, will undertake to search out the villain who is in possession of our secret?" One of the boldest of the troop advanced, and offered himself; and was accepted on the following conditions: namely, that if he succeeded in his enterprise, he was to be made second in command of the troop; but that if he brought false intelligence, he was immediately to be put to death. The bold robber readily agreed to the conditions; and having disguised himself, he proceeded to the city.

He arrived there about daybreak, and found the cobbler Mustapha in his stall, which was always open before any other shop in the town. "Good morrow, friend," said the robber, as he passed the stall, "you rise betimes; I should think old as you are, you could scarcely see to work by this light." — "Indeed, sir," replied the cobbler, "old as I am, I do not want for good eyesight; as you must needs believe, when I tell you I sewed a dead body together the

other day, where I had not so good a light as I have now. —"A dead body!" exclaimed the robber; "you mean, I suppose, that you sewed up the winding-sheet for a dead body."—"I mean no such thing," replied Mustapha; "I tell you that I sewed the four quarters of a man together."

This was enough to convince the robber he had luckily met with the very man who could give him the information he was in search of. However, he did not wish to appear eager to learn the particulars, lest he should alarm the cobbler. "Ha! ha!" said he, "I find, good Mr. Cobbler, that you perceive I am a stranger here, and you wish to make me believe that the people of your city do impossible things."—"I tell you," said Mustapha, in a loud and angry tone, "I sewed a dead body together with my own hands."—"Then I suppose you can tell me also where you performed this wonderful business." Upon this, Mustapha related every particular of his being led blindfold to the house, etc. "Well, my friend," said the robber, "'t is a fine story, I confess, but not very easy to believe: however, if you will convince me by showing me the house you talk of, I will give you four pieces of gold to make amends for my unbelief."—"I think," said the cobbler, after considering awhile, "that if you were to blindfold me, I should remember every turning we made; but with my eyes open I am sure I should never find it." Accordingly the robber covered Mustapha's eyes with his handkerchief; and the cobbler led him through most of the principal streets, and stopping by Cassim's door, said, "Here it is, I went no further than this house."

The robber immediately marked the door with a piece of chalk; and, giving Mustapha his four pieces of gold,

dismissed him. Shortly after the thief and Mustapha had quitted the door, Morgiana, coming home from market, perceived the little mark of white chalk on the door. Suspecting something was wrong, she directly marked four doors on one side and five on the other of her master's, in exactly the same manner, without saying a word to any one.

The robber meantime rejoined his troop, and boasted greatly of his success. His captain and comrades praised his diligence; and being well armed, they proceeded to the town in different disguises, and in separate parties of three and four together.

It was agreed among them, that they were to meet in the market-place at the dusk of evening; and that the captain and the robber who had discovered the house, were to go there first, to find out to whom it belonged. Accordingly, being arrived in the street, and having a lantern with them, they began to examine the doors, and found to their confusion and astonishment, that ten doors were marked exactly alike. The robber, who was the captain's guide, could not say a word in explanation of this mystery; and when the disappointed troop got back to the forest, his enraged companions ordered him to be put to death.

Another now offered himself upon the same conditions as the former; and having bribed Mustapha, and discovered the house, he made a mark with the dark red chalk upon the door, in a part that was not in the least conspicuous; and carefully examined the surrounding doors, to be certain that no such marks were upon them. But nothing could escape the prying eyes of Morgiana; scarcely

had the robber departed, when she discovered the red mark; and getting some red chalk, she marked seven doors on each side, precisely in the same place and in the same manner. The robber, valuing himself highly upon the precautions he had taken, triumphantly conducted his captain to the spot; but great indeed was his confusion and dismay, when he found it impossible to say which, among fifteen houses marked exactly alike, was the right one. The captain, furious with his disappointment, returned again with the troop to the forest; and the second robber was also condemned to death.

The captain having lost two of his troop, judged that their hands were more active than their heads in such services; and he resolved to employ no other of them, but go himself upon the business. Accordingly he repaired to the city and addressed himself to the cobbler Mustapha, who, for six pieces of gold, readily performed the services for him he had done for the other two strangers; and the captain much wiser than his men, did not amuse himself with setting a mark upon the door, but attentively considered the house, counted the number of windows, and passed by it very often, to be certain that he should know it again.

He then returned to the forest, and ordered his troop to go into the town, and buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large jars, one full of oil and the rest empty. In two or three days the jars were bought, and all things in readiness; and the captain having put a man into each jar, properly armed, the jars being rubbed on the outside with oil, and the covers having holes bored in them for the men to breathe through, loaded his mules, and in the habit of

an oil-merchant, entered the town in the dusk of the evening. He proceeded to the street where Ali Baba dwelt, and found him sitting in the porch of his house. "Sir," said he to Ali Baba, "I have brought this oil a great way to sell, and am too late for this day's market. As I am quite a stranger in this town, will you do me the favor to let me put my mules into your court-yard, and direct me where I may lodge to-night?"

Ali Baba, who was a very good-natured man, welcomed the pretended oil-merchant very kindly, and offered him a bed in his own house; and having ordered the mules to be unloaded in the yard, and properly fed, he invited his guest in to supper. The captain, having seen the jars placed ready in the yard, followed Ali Baba into the house, and after supper was shown to the chamber where he was to sleep. It happened that Morgiana was obliged to sit up later that night than usual, to get ready her master's bathing linen for the following morning; and while she was busy about the fire, her lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house. After considering what she could possibly do for a light, she recollected the thirty-eight oil jars in the yard, and determined to take a little oil out of one of them for her lamp. She took her oil pot in her hand, and approached the first jar; the robber within said, "Is it time, captain?" Any other slave, on hearing a man in an oil jar, would have screamed out; but the prudent Morgiana instantly recollected herself, and replied softly, "No, not yet; lie still till I call you." She passed on to every jar, receiving the same question and making the same answer, till she came to the last, which was really filled with oil.

Morgiana was now convinced that this was a plot of the robbers to murder her master, Ali Baba; so she ran back to the kitchen, and brought out a large kettle, which she filled with oil, and set it on a great wood fire; and as soon as it boiled she went and poured into the jars sufficient of the boiling oil to kill every man within them. Having done this she put out her fire and her lamp, and crept softly to her chamber. The captain of the robbers, finding everything quiet in the house, and perceiving no light anywhere, arose and went down into the yard to assemble his men. Coming to the first jar, he felt the steam of the boiled oil; he ran hastily to the rest, and found every one of his troop put to death in the same manner. Full of rage and despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led into the garden and made his escape over the walls.

On the following morning, Morgiana related to her master, Ali Baba, his wonderful deliverance from the pretended oil-merchant and his gang of robbers. Ali Baba at first could scarcely credit her tale; but when he saw the robbers dead in the jars, he could not sufficiently praise her courage and sagacity; and without letting any one else into the secret, he and Morgiana the next night buried the thirty-seven thieves in a deep trench at the bottom of the garden. The jars and mules, as he had no use for them, were sent from time to time to the different markets and sold.

While Ali Baba took these measures to prevent his and Cassim's adventures in the forest from being known, the captain returned to his cave, and for some time abandoned *himself* to grief and despair. At length, however, he

determined to adopt a new scheme for the destruction of Ali Baba. He removed by degrees all the valuable merchandise from the cave to the city, and took a shop exactly opposite to Ali Baba's house. He furnished this shop with everything that was rare and costly, and went by the name of the merchant Cogia Hassan. Many persons made acquaintance with the stranger; among others, Ali Baba's son went every day to the shop. The pretended Cogia Hassan soon appeared to be very fond of Ali Baba's son, offered him many presents, and often detained him at dinner, on which occasions he treated him in the handsomest manner.

Ali Baba's son thought it was necessary to make some return to these civilities, and pressed his father to invite Cogia Hassan to supper. Ali Baba made no objection, and the invitation was accordingly given. The artful Cogia Hassan would not too hastily accept this invitation, but pretended he was not fond of going into company, and that he had business which demanded his presence at home. These excuses only made Ali Baba's son the more eager to take him to his father's house; and after repeated solicitations, the merchant consented to sup at Ali Baba's house the next evening.

A most excellent supper was provided, which Morgiana cooked in the best manner, and as was her usual custom, she carried in the first dish herself. The moment she looked at Cogia Hassan, she knew it was the pretended oil-merchant. The prudent Morgiana did not say a word to any one of this discovery, but sent the other slaves into the kitchen, and waited at table herself; and while Cogia Hassan was drinking, she perceived he had a dagger hid

under his coat. When supper was ended, and the dessert and wine on the table, Morgiana went away and dressed herself in the habit of a dancing-girl; she next called Abdalla, a fellow slave, to play on his tabor while she danced. As soon as she appeared at the parlor door, her master, who was very fond of seeing her dance, ordered her to come in to entertain his guest with some of her best dancing. Cogia Hassan was not very well satisfied with this entertainment, yet was compelled, for fear of discovering himself, to seem pleased with the dancing, while, in fact, he wished Morgiana a great way off, and was quite alarmed, lest he should lose his opportunity of murdering Ali Baba and his son.

Morgiana danced several dances with the utmost grace and agility; and then drawing a poniard from her girdle, she performed many surprising things with it, sometimes presenting the point to one and sometimes to another, and then seemed to strike it into her own bosom. Suddenly she paused, and holding the poniard in the right hand, presented her left to her master as if begging some money; upon which Ali Baba and his son each gave her a small piece of money. She then turned to the pretended Cogia Hassan, and while he was putting his hand into his purse, she plunged the poniard into his heart.

"Wretch!" cried Ali Baba, "thou hast ruined me and my family." — "No, sir," replied Morgiana, "I have preserved, and not ruined you and your son. Look well at this traitor, and you will find him to be the pretended oil-merchant who came once before to rob and murder you." Ali Baba, having pulled off the turban and the cloak *which* the false Cogia Hassan wore, discovered that he

was not only the pretended oil-merchant, but the captain of the forty robbers who had slain his brother Cassim; nor could he doubt that his perfidious aim had been to destroy him, and probably his son, with the concealed dagger. Ali Baba, who felt the new obligation he owed to Morgiana for thus saving his life a second time, embraced her and said, "My dear Morgiana, I give you your liberty; but my gratitude must not stop there: I will also marry you to my son, who can esteem and admire you no less than does his father." Then turning to his son, he added, "You, my son, will not refuse the wife I offer; for, in marrying Morgiana, you take to wife the preserver and benefactor of yourself and family." The son, far from showing any dislike, readily and joyfully accepted his proposed bride, having long entertained an affection for the good slave Morgiana.

Having rejoiced in their deliverance, they buried the captain that night with great privacy, in the trench along with his troop of robbers; and a few days afterwards, Ali Baba celebrated the marriage of his son and Morgiana with a sumptuous entertainment; and every one who knew Morgiana said she was worthy of her good fortune, and highly commended her master's generosity toward her. During a twelvemonth Ali Baba forbore to go near the forest, but at length his curiosity incited him to make another journey.

When he came to the cave he saw no footsteps of either men or horses; and having said, "Open Sesame," he went in, and judged by the state of things deposited in the cavern, that no one had been there since the pretended Cogia Hassan had removed the merchandise to his shop in

the city. Ali Baba took as much gold home as his horse could carry; and afterwards he carried his son to the cave, and taught him the secret. This secret they handed down to their posterity; and using their good fortune with moderation, they lived in honor and splendor, and served with dignity some of the chief offices in the city.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig;"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

In a town of Tartary there lived a tailor, named Mustapha, who was so poor that he could hardly maintain himself, his wife, and his son Aladdin. When the boy was of proper years to serve as an apprentice, his father took him into his shop, and taught him how to work; but all his father could do was in vain, for Aladdin was incorrigible.

His father was therefore forced to abandon him to his evil ways. The thoughts of this brought on a fit of sickness, of which he shortly died; and the mother, finding that her son would not follow his father's trade, shut up the shop; and with the money she earned by spinning cotton, thought to support herself and her son.

Aladdin continued to give himself up to all kinds of folly, until one day as he was playing in the street, a stranger passing by stood to observe him.

This stranger was a great magician. Knowing who Aladdin was, and what were his propensities, he went up to him, and said, "Child, was not your father called Mustapha? and was he not a tailor?" "Yes, sir," answered Aladdin; "but he has been dead some time."

The magician threw his arms round Aladdin's neck, and said, "I am your uncle, I have been many years abroad; and now, when I have come with the hope of seeing my brother, you tell me he is dead!"

The magician caressed Aladdin and gave him a very beautiful ring, which he told the youth was of great value.

By these artifices he led Aladdin some distance out of the town, until they came between two mountains.

He then collected dry sticks and made a fire, into which he cast a perfume; and turning himself round, pronounced some magical words. The earth immediately trembled and opened, and discovered a stone with a ring, by which it might be raised up.

The magician said, "Under this stone is a treasure destined to be yours; take hold of this ring and lift it up." Aladdin did as he was directed, and raised the stone with great care.

When it was removed, there appeared a cavern, into which the magician bade him descend; and told him at the bottom of the steps was an open door, which led into a large palace, divided into three great halls; at the end of these was a garden, planted with trees, bearing the most delicious fruit. "Across that garden," said he, "you will perceive a terrace, and in it a niche, which contains a lighted lamp. Take down the lamp; put out the light; throw out the wick; pour out the oil; put the lamp into your bosom, and bring it to me."

Aladdin jumped into the cavern, and found the halls; he went through them, crossed the garden, took down the lamp, and put it into his bosom.

As he returned, he stopped to admire the fine fruit with which the trees were loaded. Some bore fruit entirely white, others red, green, blue, and yellow. Although he imagined they were colored glass, he was so pleased with them, that he filled his pockets, and then returned to the entrance of the cavern.

When he came thither he said to the magician, "Uncle,

"Give me the lamp first," said the magician.

"I cannot, till I am up," replied Aladdin.

The magician would have the lamp before he would help Aladdin to get out; and Aladdin refused to give it to him, before he was out of the cavern. The magician became so enraged, that he threw some perfume into the fire, and, pronouncing a few magical words, the stone returned to its former place, and thus buried Aladdin, who in vain called out that he was ready to give up the lamp.

The magician, by the powers of art, had discovered that if he could become possessed of a wonderful lamp that was hidden somewhere in the world, it would render him greater than any prince. He afterwards discovered that this lamp was in a subterraneous cavern between two mountains of Tartary.

He accordingly proceeded to the town which was nearest to this treasure, and knowing that he must receive it from the hands of some other person, he thought Aladdin very suitable to his purpose.

When Aladdin had procured the lamp, the magician was in such extreme haste to become possessed of this wonderful acquisition, or was so unwilling that the boy should reveal the circumstance, that he defeated his own intention.

In this manner, he forgot also the ring which he had formerly given to Aladdin; and which, he had informed the youth, would always preserve him from harm; but went away without either.

When Aladdin found that he was immured alive in this cavern, he sat down on the steps, and remained there two

days. On the third day, he clasped his hands together in terror and despair at his unfortunate condition.

In joining his hands, he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him; and immediately a genius of awful stature stood before him.

"What wouldst thou have with me?" said the terrific form. "I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, whilst thou dost possess the ring that is on thy finger."

Aladdin said, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place, if thou art able." He had no sooner spoken, than the earth opened, and he found himself at the place where the magician had performed his incantations.

Aladdin returned home as fast as he could, and related to his mother all that had happened to him: she naturally uttered imprecations at the vile magician; and lamented that she had no food to give her son, who had not tasted any for three days.

Aladdin then showed her the lamp, and said, "Mother, I will take this lamp and sell it to buy us food; but I think if I were to clean it first, it would fetch a better price." He therefore sat down, and began to rub it with sand and water. Immediately an awful genius appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and as the slave of all who may possess the lamp in thy hand." Aladdin said, "I hunger: bring me food." The genius disappeared; but in an instant returned with some delicate viands, on twelve silver plates; he placed them on the table and vanished. Aladdin and his mother sat down and ate heartily. The victuals lasted them until the next night, when Aladdin *took the plates* and sold them. As they lived with frugal-

One day Aladdin saw the princess Badroulboudour, as she was going to the baths. He was so struck with her beauty, that he ran home and requested his mother to go to the sultan, and ask for the princess in marriage. His mother thought he must be mad, and endeavored to dissuade him from such a foolish desire; but he replied that he could not exist without the princess.

He then brought his mother the fruit which he had gathered in the subterraneous garden, and told her to take it as a present to the sultan, for it was worthy the greatest monarch; he having found by frequenting the shops of jewellers, that, instead of being colored glass, they were jewels of inestimable value.

His mother being thus persuaded, set off for the sultan's palace; where, having obtained an audience, she presented the jewels to the sultan in a china vase.

The sultan graciously received the present; and having heard her request, he said, "I cannot allow my daughter to marry until I receive some valuable consideration from your son; yet, if at the expiration of three months from this day, he will send me forty vases like this one, filled with similar jewels, and borne by forty black slaves, each of them led by a white slave in magnificent apparel, I will consent that he shall become my son-in-law."

The sultan, indeed, was unwilling that his daughter should be married to a stranger; but supposing the demand he made would be greater than Aladdin could comply with, he considered that this condition would be as effectual as a refusal; and that, too, without seeming to oppose the young man's request. Aladdin's mother returned home, and told him the stipulations upon which

the sultan would consent to his match. His joy was therefore unbounded, when he found that he was so likely to espouse the princess. As soon as his mother left him, he took the lamp and rubbed it; when immediately the same genius appeared, and asked what he would have. Aladdin told him what the sultan required, and that the articles must be provided by the time appointed; which the genius promised should be done. At the expiration of three months, the genius brought the fourscore slaves, and the vessels filled with jewels. Aladdin's mother, being attired in a superb robe, set out with them to the palace.

When the sultan beheld the forty vases, full of the most precious and brilliant jewels; and the eighty slaves, the costliness of whose garments was as great as the dresses of kings; he was so astonished, that he thought it unnecessary to inform himself whether Aladdin had all the other qualifications which ought to be possessed by a monarch's son-in-law. The sight of such immense riches, and Aladdin's diligence in complying with his demand, persuaded the sultan that he could not want any other accomplishments. He therefore said to the young man's mother, "Go, tell thy son that I wait to receive him, that he may espouse the princess, my daughter." When Aladdin's mother had withdrawn, the sultan rose from his throne, and ordered that the vases and jewels should be carried into the princess's apartment.

The mother of Aladdin soon returned to her son. "You are arrived," said she to him, "at the height of your desires. The sultan waits to embrace you, and conclude *your* marriage." Aladdin, in ecstasies at this intelligence,

retired to his chamber, and rubbed the lamp. The obedient genius appeared. "Genius," said Aladdin, "I wish to bathe immediately; afterwards provide me with a robe more superb than monarch ever wore." The genius then rendered him invisible, and transported him to a marble bath, where he was undressed, without seeing by whom, and rubbed and washed with waters of the most exquisite fragrance. His skin became clear and delicate; he put on a magnificent garment which he found ready for him; and the genius then transported him to his chamber, where he inquired if Aladdin had further commands for him. "Yes," answered Aladdin, "bring me a horse, and let it be furnished with the most costly and magnificent trappings; let there be a splendid retinue of slaves to attend me, and let them be attired in the most expensive habiliments. For my mother also provide an extensive equipage; let six female slaves attend her, each bearing a different robe, suitable even to the dignity of a sultaness; let not anything be wanting to complete the splendor of her retinue. But, above all, bring ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses."

The genius disappeared, and returned with a horse, forty slaves, ten purses of gold, and six female slaves, each bearing a most costly robe for Aladdin's mother. Aladdin entrusted six of the purses to the slaves, that they might distribute the money among the people as they proceeded to the sultan's palace. He then despatched one of the slaves to the royal mansion, to know when he might have the honor of prostrating himself at the sultan's feet.

The slave brought him word that the sultan waited for

him with impatience. When he arrived at the gate of the palace, the grand vizier, the generals of the army, the governors of the provinces, and all the great officers of the court, attended him to the council hall; and having assisted him to dismount, they led him to the sultan's throne. The sovereign was amazed to see that Aladdin was more richly apparelled than he was; he arose, however, from his throne, and embraced him. He gave a signal, and the air resounded with trumpets, hautboys, and other musical instruments. He then conducted Aladdin into a magnificent saloon, where a sumptuous entertainment had been provided. After this splendid repast, the sultan sent for the chief law officer of his empire, and ordered him immediately to prepare the marriage contract between the princess and Aladdin. The sultan then asked Aladdin if the marriage should be solemnized that day. To which he answered, "Sir, I beg your permission to defer it until I have built a palace, suitable to the dignity of the princess; and I therefore entreat you further to grant me a convenient spot of ground near your own palace; and I will take care to have it finished with the utmost expedition." "Son," said the sultan, "take what ground you think proper." After which he again embraced Aladdin, who respectfully took leave and returned home.

He retired to his chamber, took his lamp, and summoned the genius as usual. "Genius," said he, "build me a palace near the sultan's fit for the reception of my spouse, the princess; but instead of stone, let the walls be formed of massy gold and silver, laid in alternate rows; and let *the interstices* be enriched with diamonds and emeralds.

The palace must have a delightful garden, planted with aromatic shrubs and plants, bearing the most delicious fruits and beautiful flowers. But, in particular, let there be an immense treasure of gold and silver coin. The palace, moreover, must be well provided with offices, storehouses, and stables full of the finest horses, and attended by equerries, grooms, and hunting equipage."

By the dawn of the ensuing morning, the genius presented himself to Aladdin, and said, "Sir, your palace is finished; come and see if it accords with your wishes." He had no sooner signified his readiness to behold it, than the genius instantly conveyed him thither. He found that it surpassed all his expectations. The officers and slaves were all dressed according to their rank and services. The genius then showed him the treasury, in which he saw heaps of bags full of money, piled up to the very ceiling. The genius then conveyed Aladdin home, before the hour arrived at which the gates of the sultan's palace were opened.

When the porters arrived at the gates of the royal mansion, they were amazed to see Aladdin's palace. The grand vizier, who came afterwards, was no less astonished. He went to acquaint the sultan of it, and endeavored to persuade the monarch that it was all enchantment. "Vizier," replied the sultan, "you know as well as I do, that it is Aladdin's palace, on the ground which I gave him." When Aladdin had dismissed the genius, he requested his mother to go to the royal palace with her slaves, and tell the sultan she came to have the honor of attending the princess towards the evening to her son's palace. Aladdin soon afterwards left his paternal dwell-

ing; but he was careful not to forget his wonderful lamp, by the aid of which he had become so eminently dignified. Aladdin's mother was received at the royal palace with great honor, and was introduced to the apartment of the beautiful princess. The princess received her with great affection; and while the women were decorating her with the jewels Aladdin had sent, an elegant collation was laid before them. In the evening the princess took leave of the sultan her father, and proceeded to Aladdin's palace. She was accompanied by his mother, and was followed by a hundred slaves, magnificently dressed. Bands of music led the procession, followed by a hundred black slaves, with appropriate officers. Four hundred of the sultan's young pages carried torches on each side; these, with the radiant illuminations of the sultan's and Aladdin's palaces, rendered it as light as day.

When the princess arrived at the new palace, Aladdin, filled with delight, hastened to receive her. He addressed her with that reverence which her dignity exacted; but with that ardor which her extreme beauty inspired. He took her by the hand, and led her into a saloon, where an entertainment, far beyond description, was served up.

The dishes were of burnished gold, and contained every kind of rarity and delicacy. Vases, cups, and other vessels, were also of gold, so exquisitely carved, that the excellency of the workmanship might be said to surpass the value of the material.

Aladdin conducted the princess and his mother to their appropriate places in this magnificent apartment; and as soon as they were seated, a choir of the most melodious *voices, accom*panied by a band of the most exquisite per-

formers, formed the most fascinating concert during the whole of the repast.

About midnight, Aladdin presented his hand to the princess to dance with her: and thus concluded the ceremonies and festivities of the day.

On the next morning, Aladdin, mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, and attended by a troop of slaves, proceeded to the sultan's palace. The monarch received him with parental affection, and placed him beside the royal throne.

Aladdin did not limit himself to the two palaces, but went about the city, and attended the different mosques. He visited also the grand vizier, and other great personages. His manner, which had become extremely pleasing, endeared him to his superiors; and his affability and liberality gained him the affection of the people.

He might thus have been happy, had it not been for the magician, who no sooner understood that Aladdin had arrived at this eminent good fortune, than he exclaimed, "This poor tailor's son has discovered the secret virtues of the lamp! But I will endeavor to prevent him in the enjoyment of it much longer." The next morning he set forward, and soon afterwards arrived at the town in Tartary where Aladdin resided.

The first object he had to attain, was a knowledge of the place in which Aladdin kept the lamp; he soon found by his art that this inestimable treasure was in Aladdin's palace, a discovery which delighted him. He also learned that Aladdin was gone on a hunting excursion, which would engage him from home eight days.

The magician then went to a manufacturer of lamps,

and purchased a dozen copper ones, which he put into a basket. He thus proceeded towards Aladdin's palace; and when he came near it, he cried, "Who'll change old lamps for new ones?" This strange inquiry attracted a crowd of people and children about him, who thought he must be mad to give new lamps for old ones; yet still he continued to exclaim, "Who'll change old lamps for new ones?"

This he repeated so often near Aladdin's palace, that the princess sent one of her women slaves to know what the man cried. "Madam," said the slave, "I cannot forbear laughing to see a fool, with a basket full of new lamps on his arm, asking to exchange for old ones." Another woman slave who was present said, "I know not whether the princess has observed it, but there is an old lamp upon the cornice; if the princess pleases, she may try if this foolish man will give a new one for it."

This was Aladdin's wonderful lamp which he had placed upon the cornice before he set off on the hunting excursion; but neither the princess, nor those who were about her, had observed it. At all other times, but when hunting, Aladdin carried it about him. The princess, who knew not the value of the lamp, bade one of the slaves take it, and make the exchange.

The slave went and called the magician; and showing him the old lamp, said, "Will you give me a new one in exchange?"

The magician, knowing that this was the lamp he wanted, snatched it from the slave, and thrust it into his bosom, bidding him take that which he liked best. The *slave chose one,* and carried it to the princess.

As soon as the magician got beyond the gates of the city, he stopped; and passed the remainder of the day, until it was night, in an adjoining wood, when he took the lamp and rubbed it.

The genius instantly appeared. "I command thee," said the magician, "to convey me, together with the palace thou hast built for Aladdin, with all its inhabitants, to a place in Africa." The genius instantly transported him, with the palace and everything it contained, to the place in Africa which the magician had appointed.

The next morning, the sultan went, as usual, to his closet window to admire Aladdin's palace; but when he saw an uncovered space of ground, instead of a palace, he could not restrain his astonishment and indignation. He went into another apartment, and sent for the grand vizier, who was no less amazed than the sultan had been.

The sultan exclaimed, "Where is that impostor, that I may instantly have his head taken off? Order a detachment of fifty horse-soldiers to bring him before me loaded with chains." The detachment obeyed the orders; and about six leagues from the town, they met Aladdin returning home. They told him that the sultan had sent them to accompany him home.

Aladdin had not the least apprehension, and pursued his way; but when they came within half a league of the city, the detachment surrounded him, and the officer said, "Prince Aladdin, I am commanded by the sultan to arrest you, and to carry you before him as a criminal." They then fastened both his arms, and in this manner the officer obliged Aladdin to follow him on foot into the town.

When the soldiers came near the town, the people see-

ing Aladdin led thus a culprit, doubted not that his head would be cut off; but as he was generally beloved, some took sabres and other kind of arms, and those who had none, gathered stones, and followed the detachment; and in this manner they reached the palace.

Aladdin was carried before the sultan; who, as soon as he saw him, ordered that his head should be instantly cut off, without hearing him, or giving him any opportunity to explain himself. As soon as the executioner had taken off the chains, he caused Aladdin to kneel down; then drawing his sabre, he waited only for the sultan's signal to separate the head from the body.

At that instant, the populace had forced the guard of soldiers, and were scaling the walls of the palace. The sultan ordered the executioner to unbind Aladdin, and desired the grand vizier to tell the people that Aladdin was pardoned. When Aladdin found himself at liberty, he turned towards the sultan, and said to him in an affecting manner, "I beg your majesty to let me know my crime!" "Thy crime," answered the sultan, "follow me!" The sultan then took him into his closet. When he came to the door, he said to him, "You ought to know where your palace stood; look and tell me what has become of it."

"I beg your majesty," said Aladdin, "to allow me forty days to make my inquiries." — "I give you forty days," said the sultan. For three days Aladdin rambled about till he was tired. At the close of the third day he came to a river's side; there, under the influence of despair, he determined to cast himself into the water. He thought it right first to say his prayers, and went to the river

side to wash his hands and face, according to the law of Mahomed. The bank of the river was steep and slippery, and as he stood upon it, he slid down against a little rock. In falling down the bank, he rubbed his ring so hard, that the same genius appeared which he had seen in the cavern.

Aladdin said, "I command thee to convey me to the place where my palace stands, and set me down under the princess's window." The genius immediately transported him into the midst of a large plain, on which his palace stood, and set him exactly under the window, and left him there fast asleep. The next morning, one of the women perceived Aladdin, and told the princess, who could not believe her; but, nevertheless, she instantly opened the window, when she saw Aladdin, and said to him, "I have sent to have one of the private gates opened for you." Aladdin went into the princess's chamber, where, after they had affectionately embraced, he said to her, "What has become of an old lamp, which I left upon the cornice when I went hunting?" The princess told him that it had been exchanged for a new one; and that the next morning she found herself in an unknown country, which she had been told was in Africa, by the treacherous man himself, who had conveyed her thither by his magic art. "Princess," said Aladdin, "you have informed me who the traitor is, by telling me you are in Africa. He is the most perfidious of all men; but this is not the time or place to give you a full account of his iniquity. Can you tell me what he has done with the lamp, and where he has placed it?"

"He carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom," said

the princess; "and this I know, because he has taken it out and showed it to me." "Princess," said Aladdin, "tell me, I conjure thee, how this wicked and treacherous man treats you." "Since I have been here," replied the princess, "he comes once every day to see me; and I am persuaded that the indifference of my manner towards him, and the evident reluctance of my conversation, induces him to withhold more frequent visits. All his endeavors are to persuade me to break that faith I pledged to you, and to take him for a husband. He frequently informs me that I have no hopes of seeing you again, for that you are dead, having had your head struck off by order of the sultan. He also calls you an ungrateful wretch; says that your good fortune was owing to him; beside many other things of a similar kind. He, however, receives no other answer from me than grief, complaints, and tears; and he is, therefore, always obliged to retire with evident dissatisfaction. I have but little doubt that his intention is to allow me some time for my sorrow to subside, in hopes that my sentiments may afterwards become changed; but that if I persevere in an obstinate refusal, he will use violence to compel me to marry him. But your presence, Aladdin, subdues all my apprehensions."

"I have great confidence," replied Aladdin, "since my princess's fears are diminished; and I believe that I have thought of the means to deliver you from our common enemy. I shall return at noon, and will then communicate my project to you, and tell you what must be done for its success. But that you may not be surprised, it is well to inform you, that I shall change my dress; and I

must beg of you to give orders that I may not wait long at the private gate, but that it may be opened at the first knock." All which the princess promised to observe.

When Aladdin went out of the palace, he perceived a countryman before him, and having come up with him, made a proposal to change clothes, to which the man agreed. They accordingly went behind a hedge, and made the exchange. Aladdin afterwards travelled to the town, and came to that part in which merchants and artisans have their respective streets, according to the articles which are the subject of their trade. Among these he found the druggists, and having gone to one of the principal shops, he purchased half a drachm of a particular powder that he named.

Aladdin returned to the palace, and when he saw the princess, he told her to invite the magician to sup with her. "Then," said he, "put this powder into one of the cups of wine; charge the slave to bring that cup to you, and then change cups with him. No sooner will he have drunk off the contents of the cup, but you will see him fall backwards." The magician came, and at table he and the princess sat opposite to each other. The princess presented him with the choicest things that were on the table, and said to him, "If you please, we will exchange cups, and drink each other's health." She presented her cup, and held out her hand to receive the other from him. He made the exchange with pleasure. The princess put the cup to her lips, while the African magician drank the very last drop, and fell backwards lifeless.

No sooner had the magician fallen than Aladdin entered the hall, and said, "Princess, I must beg you to leave

me for a moment." When the princess was gone, Aladdin shut the door, and going to the dead body of the magician, opened his vest, took out the lamp, and rubbed it. The genius immediately appeared. "Genius," said Aladdin, "I command thee to convey this palace to its former situation in Tartary." The palace was immediately removed into Tartary, without any sensation to those who were contained in it. Aladdin went to the princess's apartment, and embracing her, said, "I can assure you, princess, that your joy and mine will be complete to-morrow morning."

Aladdin rose at daybreak in the morning, and put on one of his most splendid habits. At an early hour he went into the hall from the windows of which he perceived the sultan. They met together at the foot of the great staircase of Aladdin's palace. The venerable sultan was some time before he could open his lips, so great was his joy that he had found his daughter once more. She soon came to him; he embraced her and made her relate all that had happened to her. Aladdin ordered the magician's body to be thrown on the dunghill, as the prey of birds. Thus Aladdin was delivered from the persecution of the magician. Within a short time afterwards the sultan died at a good old age; and, as he left no sons, the princess became heiress to the crown; but Aladdin being her husband, the sovereignty, it was agreed by the great officers of the state, should devolve upon him. They reigned together many years and left a numerous and illustrious posterity.

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD.

William Blake.

Piping down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me:—

"Pipe a song about a lamb:"
 So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again:"
 So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book that all may read—"
So he vanish'd from my sight;
 And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

WRITTEN IN MARCH.

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF BROTHERS' WATER.

William Wordsworth.

THE Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Ploughboy is whooping — anon -
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

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LUCY GRAY.

William Wordsworth.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.

"That, Father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet;"
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
 And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
 She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
 And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

FAIRY'S SONG.

From A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

William Shakespeare.

OVER hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see:

Those be rubies, fairy favors —
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

THE FLY.

William Blake.

LITTLE fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brush'd away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live
Or if I die.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

Clement C. Moore.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that ST. NICHOLAS soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap; —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof —
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!*"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be the birth-time
Of Christ, the heavenly king.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all.

"He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger
That resteth on the mould."

As Joseph was a-walking,
There did an angel sing,
And Mary's child at midnight
Was born to be our king.

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles,
For his star it shineth clear.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES.

Charles Lamb.

CHAPTER I.

THE CICONS. — THE FRUIT OF THE LOTOS-TREE. — POLYPHEMUS AND THE CYCLOPS. — THE KINGDOM OF THE WINDS, AND GOD ÆOLUS'S FATAL PRESENT. — THE LÆSTRYGONIAN MAN-EATERS.

THIS history tells of the wanderings of Ulysses and his followers in their return from Troy, after the destruction of that famous city of Asia by the Grecians. He was inflamed with a desire of seeing again, after a ten years' absence, his wife and native country, Ithaca. He was king of a barren spot, and a poor country in comparison of the fruitful plains of Asia, which he was leaving, or the wealthy kingdoms which he touched upon in his return; yet, wherever he came, he could never see a soil which appeared in his eyes half so sweet or desirable as his country earth. This made him refuse the offers of the goddess Calypso to stay with her, and partake of her immortality in the delightful island; and this gave him strength to break from the enchantments of Circe, the daughter of the Sun.

From Troy, ill winds cast Ulysses and his fleet upon the coast of the Cicons, a people hostile to the Grecian[redacted]

Landing his forces, he laid siege to their chief city, Ismarus, which he took, and with it much spoil, and slew many people. But success proved fatal to him; for his soldiers, elated with the spoil, and the good store of provisions which they found in that place, fell to eating and drinking, forgetful of their safety, till the Cicons, who inhabited the coast, had time to assemble their friends and allies from the interior; who, mustering in prodigious force, set upon the Grecians, while they negligently revelled and feasted, and slew many of them, and recovered the spoil. They, dispirited and thinned in their numbers, with difficulty made their retreat good to the ships.

Thence they set sail, sad at heart, yet something cheered that with such fearful odds against them they had not all been utterly destroyed. A dreadful tempest ensued, which for two nights and two days tossed them about, but the third day the weather cleared, and they had hopes of a favorable gale to carry them to Ithaca; but, as they doubled the Cape of Malea, suddenly a north wind arising drove them back as far as Cythera. After that, for the space of nine days, contrary winds continued to drive them in an opposite direction to the point to which they were bound; and the tenth day they put in at a shore where a race of men dwell that are sustained by the fruit of the lotos-tree. Here Ulysses sent some of his men to land for fresh water, who were met by certain of the inhabitants, that gave them some of their country food to eat — not with any ill intention towards them, though in the event it proved pernicious; for, *having eaten* of this fruit, so pleasant it proved to their

appetite that they in a minute quite forgot all thoughts of home, or of their countrymen, or of ever returning back to the ships to give an account of what sort of inhabitants dwelt there, but they would needs stay and live there among them, and eat of that precious food forever; and when Ulysses sent other of his men to look for them, and to bring them back by force, they strove, and wept, and would not leave their food for heaven itself, so much the pleasure of that enchanting fruit had bewitched them. But Ulysses caused them to be bound hand and foot, and cast under the hatches; and set sail with all possible speed from that baneful coast, lest others after them might taste the lotos, which had such strange qualities to make men forget their native country and the thoughts of home.

Coasting on all that night by unknown and out-of-the-way shores, they came by daybreak to the land where the Cyclops dwell, a sort of giant shepherds that neither sow nor plough, but the earth untilled produces for them rich wheat and barley and grapes; yet they have neither bread nor wine, nor know the arts of cultivation, nor care to know them; for they live each man to himself, without laws or government, or anything like a state or kingdom; but their dwellings are in caves, on the steep heads of mountains; every man's household governed by his own caprice, or not governed at all; their wives and children as lawless as themselves, none caring for others, but each doing as he or she thinks good. Ships or boats they have none, nor artificers to make them, no trade or commerce, or wish to visit other shores; yet they have convenient places for harbors and for shipping. [redacted]

Ulysses with a chosen party of twelve followers landed, to explore what sort of men dwelt there, whether hospitable and friendly to strangers, or altogether wild and savage, for as yet no dwellers appeared in sight.

The first sight of habitation which they came to was a giant's cave rudely fashioned, but of a size which betokened the vast proportions of its owner; the pillars which supported it being the bodies of huge oaks or pines, in the natural state of the tree, and all about showed more marks of strength than skill in whoever built it. Ulysses, entering in, admired the savage contrivances and artless structure of the place, and longed to see the tenant of so outlandish a mansion; but well conjecturing that gifts would have more avail in extracting courtesy than strength would succeed in forcing it, from such a one as he expected to find the inhabitant, he resolved to flatter his hospitality with a present of Greek wine, of which he had store in twelve great vessels, so strong that no one ever drank it without an infusion of twenty parts of water to one of wine, yet the fragrance of it was even then so delicious that it would have vexed a man who smelled it to abstain from tasting it; but whoever tasted it, it was able to raise his courage to the height of heroic deeds. Taking with them a goat-skin flagon full of this precious liquor, they ventured into the recesses of the cave. Here they pleased themselves a whole day with beholding the giant's kitchen, where the flesh of sheep and goats lay strewed; his dairy, where goat-milk stood ranged in troughs and pails; his pens, where he kept his live animals; but those he had driven forth to pasture with him when he went out *in the morning.* While they were feasting their eyes with

a sight of these curiosities, their ears were suddenly deafened with a noise like the falling of a house. It was the owner of the cave, who had been abroad all day feeding his flock, as his custom was, in the mountains, and now drove them home in the evening from pasture. He threw down a pile of fire-wood, which he had been gathering against supper-time, before the mouth of the cave, which occasioned the crash they heard. The Grecians hid themselves in the remote parts of the cave at sight of the uncouth monster. It was Polyphemus, the largest and savagest of the Cyclops, who boasted himself to be the son of Neptune. He looked more like a mountain crag than a man, and to his brutal body he had a brutish mind answerable. He drove his flock, all that gave milk, to the interior of the cave, but left the rams and the he-goats without. Then, taking up a stone so massy that twenty oxen could not have drawn it, he placed it at the mouth of the cave, to defend the entrance, and sat him down to milk his ewes and his goats; which done, he lastly kindled a fire, and throwing his great eye round the cave (for the Cyclops have no more than one eye, and that placed in the midst of their forehead), by the glimmering light he discerned some of Ulysses's men.

"Ho! guests, what are you? Merchants or wandering thieves?" he bellowed out in a voice which took from them all power of reply, it was so astounding.

Only Ulysses summoned resolution to answer, that they came neither for plunder nor traffic, but were Grecians who had lost their way, returning from Troy; which famous city, under the conduct of Agamemnon, the renowned son of Atreus, they had sacked, and laid [illegible]

with the ground. Yet now they prostrated themselves humbly before his feet, whom they acknowledged to be mightier than they, and besought him that he would bestow the rites of hospitality upon them, for that Jove was the avenger of wrongs done to strangers, and would fiercely resent any injury which they might suffer.

"Fool!" said the Cyclop, "to come so far to preach to me the fear of the gods. We Cyclops care not for your Jove, whom you fable to be nursed by a goat, nor any of your blessed ones. We are stronger than they, and dare bid open battle to Jove himself, though you and all your fellows of the earth join with him." And he bade them tell him where their ship was in which they came, and whether they had any companions. But Ulysses, with a wise caution, made answer that they had no ship or companions, but were unfortunate men, whom the sea, splitting their ship in pieces, had dashed upon his coast, and they alone had escaped. He replied nothing, but gripping two of the nearest of them, as if they had been no more than children, he dashed their brains out against the earth, and, shocking to relate, tore in pieces their limbs, and devoured them, yet warm and trembling, making a lion's meal of them, lapping the blood; for the Cyclops are man-eaters, and esteem human flesh to be a delicacy far above goat's or kid's; though by reason of their abhorred customs few men approach their coast, except some stragglers, or now and then a shipwrecked mariner. At a sight so horrid, Ulysses and his men were like distracted people. He, when he had made an end of his wicked supper, drained a draught of goat's milk down his prodigious throat, and lay down and slept among his goats. Then

Ulysses drew his sword, and half resolved to thrust it with all his might in at the bosom of the sleeping monster; but wiser thoughts restrained him, else they had there without help all perished, for none but Polyphemus himself could have removed that mass of stone which he had placed to guard the entrance. So they were constrained to abide all that night in fear.

When day came, the Cyclop awoke, and kindling a fire, made his breakfast of two other of his unfortunate prisoners; then milked his goats as he was accustomed, and pushing aside the vast stone, and shutting it again when he had done, upon the prisoners, with as much ease as a man opens and shuts a quiver's lid, he let out his flock, and drove them before him with whistlings (as sharp as winds in storms) to the mountains.

Then Ulysses, of whose strength or cunning the Cyclop seems to have had as little heed as of an infant's, being left alone with the remnant of his men which the Cyclop had not devoured, gave manifest proof how far manly wisdom excels brutish force. He chose a stake from among the wood which the Cyclop had piled up for firing, in length and thickness like a mast, which he sharpened and hardened in the fire; and selected four men, and instructed them what they should do with this stake, and made them perfect in their parts.

When the evening was come, the Cyclop drove home his sheep; and as fortune directed it, either of purpose, or that his memory was overruled by the gods to his hurt (as in the issue it proved), he drove the males of his flock, contrary to his custom, along with the dams into the pens. Then shutting to the stone of the cave, he fell to his hor-

rible supper. When he had despatched two more of the Grecians, Ulysses waxed bold with the contemplation of his project, and took a bowl of Greek wine, and merrily dared the Cyclop to drink.

"Cyclop," he said, "take a bowl of wine from the hand of your guest: it may serve to digest the man's flesh that you have eaten, and show what drink our ship held before it went down. All I ask in recompense, if you find it good, is to be dismissed in a whole skin. Truly you must look to have few visitors, if you observe this new custom of eating your guests."

The brute took and drank, and vehemently enjoyed the taste of wine, which was new to him, and swilled again at the flagon, and entreated for more, and prayed Ulysses to tell him his name, that he might bestow a gift upon the man who had given him such brave liquor. The Cyclops, he said, had grapes, but this rich juice, he swore, was simply divine. Again Ulysses plied him with the wine, and the fool drank it as fast as he poured it out, and again he asked the name of his benefactor, which Ulysses, cunningly dissembling said, "My name is Noman: my kindred and friends in my own country call me Noman." "Then," said the Cyclop, "this is the kindness I will show thee, Noman: I will eat thee last of all thy friends." He had scarce expressed his savage kindness, when the fumes of the strong wine overcame him, and he reeled down upon the floor and sank into a dead sleep.

Ulysses watched his time, while the monster lay insensible; and, heartening up his men, they placed the sharp end of the stake in the fire till it was heated red-hot; and some gave them a courage beyond that which they were

used to have, and the four men with difficulty bored the sharp end of the huge stake, which they had heated red-hot, right into the eye of the drunken cannibal; and Ulysses helped to thrust it in with all his might still further and further, with effort, as men bore with an auger, till the scalded blood gushed out, and the eyeball smoked, and the strings of the eye cracked as the burning rafter broke in it, and the eye hissed as hot iron hisses when it is plunged into water.

He, waking, roared with the pain so loud that all the cavern broke into claps like thunder. They fled, and dispersed into corners. He plucked the burning stake from his eye, and hurled the wood madly about the cave. Then he cried out with a mighty voice for his brethren the Cyclops, that dwelt hard by in caverns upon hills. They, hearing the terrible shout, came flocking from all parts to inquire what ailed Polyphemus, and what cause he had for making such horrid clamors in the night-time to break their sleeps; if his fright proceeded from any mortal; if strength or craft had given him his death-blow. He made answer from within, that Noman had hurt him, Noman had killed him, Noman was with him in the cave. They replied, "If no man has hurt thee, and no man is with thee, then thou art alone; and the evil that afflicts thee is from the hand of heaven, which none can resist or help." So they left him, and went their way, thinking that some disease troubled him. He, blind, and ready to split with the anguish of the pain, went groaning up and down in the dark, to find the door-way; which when he found, he removed the stone, and sat in the threshold, feeling if he could lay hold on any man going

out with the sheep, which (the day now breaking) were beginning to issue forth to their accustomed pastures. But Ulysses, whose first artifice in giving himself that ambiguous name had succeeded so well with the Cyclop, was not of a wit so gross to be caught by that palpable device. But casting about in his mind all the ways which he could contrive for escape (no less than all their lives depending on the success), at last he thought of this expedient. He made knots of the osier twigs upon which the Cyclop commonly slept, with which he tied the fattest and fleeciest of the rams together, three in a rank; and under the middle ram he tied a man, and himself last, wrapping himself fast with both his hands in the rich wool of one, the fairest of the flock.

And now the sheep began to issue forth very fast; the males went first, the females, unmilked, stood by, bleating and requiring the hand of their shepherd in vain to milk them, their full bags sore with being unemptied, but he much sorer with the loss of sight. Still, as the males passed, he felt the backs of those fleecy fools, never dreaming that they carried his enemies under them; so they passed on till the last ram came loaded with his wool and Ulysses together. He stopped that ram and felt him, and had his hand once in the hair of Ulysses, yet knew it not; and he chid the ram for being last, and spoke to it as if it understood him, and asked it whether it did not wish that its master had his eye again, which that abominable Noman with his execrable rout had put out, when they had got him down with wine; and he willed the ram to tell him whereabouts in the cave his enemy lurked, that he might dash *his brains* and strew them about, to ease his heart of that

tormenting revenge which rankled in it. After a deal of such foolish talk to the beast, he let it go.

When Ulysses found himself free, he let go his hold, and assisted in disengaging his friends. The rams which had befriended them they carried off with them to the ships, where their companions with tears in their eyes received them, as men escaped from death. They plied their oars, and set their sails, and when they were got as far off from shore as a voice could reach, Ulysses cried out to the Cyclop: "Cyclop, thou shouldst not have so much abused thy monstrous strength as to devour thy guests. Jove by my hand sends thee requital to pay thy savage inhumanity." The Cyclop heard, and came forth enraged, and in his anger he plucked a fragment of a rock, and threw it with blind fury at the ships. It narrowly escaped lighting upon the bark in which Ulysses sat, but with the fall it raised so fierce an ebb as bore back the ship till it almost touched the shore. "Cyclop," said Ulysses, "if any ask thee who imposed on thee that unsightly blemish in thine eye, say it was Ulysses, son of Laertes: the king of Ithaca am I called, the waster of cities." Then they crowded sail, and beat the old sea, and forth they went with a forward gale; sad for fore-past losses, yet glad to have escaped at any rate; till they came to the isle where Æolus reigned, who is god of the winds.

Here Ulysses and his men were courteously received by the monarch who showed him his twelve children which have rule over the twelve winds. A month they stayed and feasted with him, and at the end of the month he dismissed them with many presents, and gave to Ulysses at parting an ox's hide, in which were enclosed all the winds:

only he left abroad the western wind, to play upon their sails and waft them gently home to Ithaca. This bag, bound in a glittering silver band so close that no breath could escape, Ulysses hung up at the mast. His companions did not know its contents, but guessed that the monarch had given to him some treasures of gold or silver.

Nine days they sailed smoothly, favored by the western wind, and by the tenth they approached so nigh as to discern lights kindled on the shores of their country earth: when, by ill-fortune, Ulysses, overcome with fatigue of watching the helm, fell asleep. The mariners seized the opportunity, and one of them said to the rest, "A fine time has this leader of ours; wherever he goes he is sure of presents, when we come away empty-handed; and see what king Æolus has given him, store no doubt of gold and silver." A word was enough to those covetous wretches, who quick as thought untied the bag, and, instead of gold, out rushed with mighty noise all the winds. Ulysses with the noise awoke, and saw their mistake, but too late; for the ship was driving with all the winds back far from Ithaca, far as to the island of Æolus from which they had parted, in one hour measuring back what in nine days they had scarcely tracked, and in sight of home too! Up he flew amazed, and, raving, doubted whether he should not fling himself into the sea for grief of his bitter disappointment. At last he hid himself under the hatches for shame. And scarce could he be prevailed upon, when he was told he was arrived again in the harbor of king Æolus, to go himself or send to that monarch for a second succor; *so much the disgrace* of having misused his royal bounty

(though it was the crime of his followers, and not his own) weighed upon him; and when at last he went, and took a herald with him, and came where the god sat on his throne, feasting with his children, he would not thrust in among them at their meat, but set himself down like one unworthy in the threshold.

Indignation seized Æolus to behold him in that manner returned; and he said, "Ulysses, what has brought you back? Are you so soon tired of your country? or did not our present please you? We thought we had given you a kingly passport." Ulysses made answer: "My men have done this ill mischief to me; they did it while I slept." "Wretch!" said Æolus, "avaunt, and quit our shores! it fits not us to convoy men whom the gods hate, and will have perish."

Forth they sailed, but with far different hopes than when they left the same harbor the first time with all the winds confined, only the west wind suffered to play upon their sails to waft them in gentle murmurs to Ithaca. They were now the sport of every gale that blew, and despaired of ever seeing home more. Now those covetous mariners were cured of their surfeit for gold, and would not have touched it if it had lain in untold heaps before them.

Six days and nights they drove along, and on the seventh day they put into Lamos, a port of the Læstrygonians. So spacious this harbor was that it held with ease all their fleet, which rode at anchor, safe from any storms, all but the ship in which Ulysses was embarked. He, as if prophetic of the mischance which followed, kept still without the harbor, making fast his bark to a rock at

the land's point, which he climbed with purpose to survey the country. He saw a city with smoke ascending from the roofs, but neither ploughs going, nor oxen yoked, nor any sign of agricultural works. Making choice of two men, he sent them to the city to explore what sort of inhabitants dwelt there. His messengers had not gone far before they met a damsel, of stature surpassing human, who was coming to draw water from a spring. They asked her who dwelt in that land. She made no reply, but led them in silence to her father's palace. He was a monarch, and named Antiphas. He and all his people were giants. When they entered the palace, a woman, the mother of the damsel, but far taller than she, rushed abroad and called for Antiphas. He came, and snatching up one of the two men, made as if he would devour him. The other fled. Antiphas raised a mighty shout, and instantly, this way and that, multitudes of gigantic people issued out at the gates, and, making for the harbor, tore up huge pieces of the rocks and flung them at the ships which lay there, all which they utterly overwhelmed and sank; and the unfortunate bodies of men which floated, and which the sea did not devour, these cannibals thrust through with harpoons, like fishes, and bore them off to their dire feast. Ulysses, with his single bark that had never entered the harbor, escaped; that bark which was now the only vessel left of all the gallant navy that had set sail with him from Troy. He pushed off from the shore, cheering the sad remnant of his men, whom horror at the sight of their countrymen's fate had almost turned to marble.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE OF CIRCE. — MEN CHANGED INTO BEASTS. — THE VOYAGE TO HELL. — THE BANQUET OF THE DEAD.

ON went the single ship till it came to the Island of Ææa, where Circe, the dreadful daughter of the Sun, dwelt. She was deeply skilled in magic, a haughty beauty, and had hair like the Sun. The Sun was her father, and Perse, daughter to Oceanus, her mother.

Here a dispute arose among Ulysses's men, which of them should go ashore and explore the country; for there was a necessity that some should go to procure water and provisions, their stock of both being nigh spent; but their hearts failed them when they called to mind the shocking fate of their fellows whom the Læstrygonians had eaten, and those which the foul Cyclop Polyphemus had crushed between his jaws; which moved them so tenderly in the recollection that they wept. But tears never yet supplied any man's wants; this Ulysses knew full well, and dividing his men (all that were left) into two companies, at the head of one of which was himself, and at the head of the other Eurylochus, a man of tried courage, he cast lots which of them should go up into the country; and the lot fell upon Eurylochus and his company, two and twenty in number, who took their leave, with tears, of Ulysses and his men that stayed, whose eyes wore the same wet badges of weak humanity; for they surely thought never to see these their companions again, but that on every coast where they should come, they should find nothing but savages and cannibals.

Eurylochus and his party proceeded up the country, till in a dale they descried the house of Circe, built of bright stone, by the roadside. Before her gate lay many beasts, as wolves, lions, leopards, which, by her art, of wild, she had rendered tame. These arose when they saw strangers, and ramped upon their hinder paws, and fawned upon Eurylochus and his men, who dreaded the effects of such monstrous kindness; and staying at the gate they heard the enchantress within, sitting at her loom, singing such strains as suspended all mortal faculties, while she wove a web, subtile and glorious, and of texture inimitable on earth, as all the housewiferies of the deities are. Strains so ravishingly sweet provoked even the sagest and prudentest heads among the party to knock and call at the gate. The shining gate the enchantress opened, and bade them come in and feast. They unwise followed, all but Eurylochus, who stayed without the gate, suspicious that some train was laid for them. Being entered, she placed them in chairs of state, and set before them meal and honey and Smyrna wine, but mixed with baneful drugs of powerful enchantment. When they had eaten of these, and drunk of her cup, she touched them with her charming-rod, and straight they were transformed into swine, having the bodies of swine, the bristles and snout and grunting noise of that animal; only they still retained the minds of men, which made them the more to lament their brutish transformation. Having changed them, she shut them up in her sty with many more whom her wicked sorceries had formerly changed, and gave them swine's food — mast,[1] and acorns, *and chestnuts* — to eat.

Eurylochus, who beheld nothing of these sad changes from where he was stationed without the gate, only instead of his companions that entered (who he thought had all vanished by witchcraft) beheld a herd of swine, hurried back to the ship, to give an account of what he had seen; but so frighted and perplexed, that he could give no distinct report of anything; only he remembered a palace, and a woman singing at her work, and gates guarded by lions. But his companions, he said, were all vanished.

Then Ulysses, suspecting some foul witchcraft, snatched his sword and his bow, and commanded Eurylochus instantly to lead him to the place. But Eurylochus fell down, and, embracing his knees, besought him by the name of a man whom the gods had in their protection, not to expose his safety, and the safety of them all, to certain destruction.

"Do thou then stay, Eurylochus," answered Ulysses: "eat thou and drink in the ship in safety, while I go alone upon this adventure: necessity, from whose law is no appeal, compels me."

So saying, he quitted the ship and went on shore, accompanied by none; none had the hardihood to offer to partake that perilous adventure with him, so much they dreaded the enchantments of the witch. Singly he pursued his journey till he came to the shining gates which stood before her mansion; but when he essayed to put his foot over her threshold, he was suddenly stopped by the apparition of a young man, bearing a golden rod in his hand, who was the god Mercury. He held Ulysses by the wrist, to stay his entrance; and "Whither wouldest thou go," he said, "O thou most erring of the sons of men?

knowest thou not that this is the house of great Circe, where she keeps thy friends in a loathsome sty, changed from the fair forms of men into the detestable and ugly shapes of swine? Art thou prepared to share their fate, from which nothing can ransom thee?" But neither his words nor his coming from heaven could stop the daring foot of Ulysses, whom compassion for the misfortune of his friends had rendered careless of danger: which when the god perceived, he had pity to see valor so misplaced, and gave him the flower of the herb moly, which is sovereign against enchantments. The moly is a small unsightly root, its virtues but little known and in low estimation; the dull shepherd treads on it every day with his clouted shoes;[1] but it bears a small white flower, which is medicinal against charms, blights, mildews, and damps. "Take this in thy hand," said Mercury, "and with it boldly enter her gates; when she shall strike thee with her rod, thinking to change thee, as she has changed thy friends, boldly rush in upon her with thy sword, and extort from her the dreadful oath of the gods, that she will use no enchantments against thee; then force her to restore thy abused companions." He gave Ulysses the little white flower, and, instructing him how to use it, vanished.

When the god was departed, Ulysses with loud knockings beat at the gate of the palace. The shining gates were opened, as before, and great Circe with hospitable cheer invited in her guest. She placed him on a throne with more distinction than she had used to his fellows, she mingled wine in a costly bowl, and he drank of it, mixed with those poisonous drugs. When he had drunk,

[1] *clouted shoes*, shoes fitted with nails.

she struck him with her charming-rod, and "To your sty!" she cried; "out, swine! mingle with your companions!" But those powerful words were not proof against the preservative which Mercury had given to Ulysses; he remained unchanged, and, as the god had directed him, boldly charged the witch with his sword, as if he meant to take her life; which when she saw, and perceived that her charms were weak against the antidote which Ulysses bore about him, she cried out and bent her knees beneath his sword, embracing his, and said, "Who or what manner of man art thou? Never drank any man before thee of this cup but he repented it in some brute's form. Thy shape remains unaltered as thy mind. Thou canst be none other than Ulysses, renowned above all the world for wisdom, whom the Fates have long since decreed that I must love. This haughty bosom bends to thee. O Ithacan, a goddess woos thee."

"O Circe," he replied, "how canst thou treat of love or marriage with one whose friends thou hast turned into beasts? and now offerest him thy hand in wedlock, only that thou mightest have him in thy power, to live the life of a beast with thee, naked, effeminate, subject to thy will, perhaps to be advanced in time to the honor of a place in thy sty. What pleasure canst thou promise which may tempt the soul of a reasonable man, — thy meats, spiced with poison; or thy wines, drugged with death? Thou must swear to me that thou wilt never attempt against me the treasons which thou hast practised upon my friends." The enchantress, won by the terror of his threats, or by the violence of that new love which she felt kindling in her veins for him, swore by Styx, the

great oath of the gods, that she meditated no injury to him. Then Ulysses made show of gentler treatment, which gave her hopes of inspiring him with a passion equal to that which she felt. She called her handmaids, four that served her in chief, who were daughters to her silver fountains, to her sacred rivers, and to her consecrated woods, to deck her apartments, to spread rich carpets, and set out her silver tables with dishes of the purest gold, and meat as precious as that which the gods eat, to entertain her guest. One brought water to wash his feet; and one brought wine to chase away, with a refreshing sweetness, the sorrows that had come of late so thick upon him, and hurt his noble mind. They strewed perfumes on his head; and, after he had bathed in a bath of the choicest aromatics, they brought him rich and costly apparel to put on. Then he was conducted to a throne of massy silver, and a regale,[1] fit for Jove when he banquets, was placed before him. But the feast which Ulysses desired was to see his friends (the partners of his voyage) once more in the shapes of men; and the food which could give him nourishment must be taken in at his eyes. Because he missed this sight, he sat melancholy and thoughtful, and would taste of none of the rich delicacies placed before him. Which when Circe noted, she easily divined the cause of his sadness, and leaving the seat in which she sat throned, went to her sty, and let abroad his men, who came in like swine, and filled the ample hall, where Ulysses sat, with gruntings. Hardly had he time to let his sad eye run over their altered forms and brutal metamorphosis, when, with an ointment which

she smeared over them, suddenly their bristles fell off, and they started up in their own shapes, men as before. They knew their leader again, and clung about him, with joy of their late restoration, and some shame for their late change; and wept so loud, blubbering out their joy in broken accents, that the palace was filled with a sound of pleasing mourning; and the witch herself, great Circe, was not unmoved at the sight. To make her atonement complete, she sent for the remnant of Ulysses's men who stayed behind at the ship, giving up their great commander for lost; who when they came, and saw him again alive, circled with their fellows, no expression can tell what joy they felt; they even cried out with rapture, and to have seen their frantic expressions of mirth a man might have supposed that they were just in sight of their country earth, the cliffs of rocky Ithaca. Only Eurylochus would hardly be persuaded to enter that palace of wonders, for he remembered with a kind of horror how his companions had vanished from his sight.

Then great Circe spake, and gave order that there should be no more sadness among them, nor remembering of past sufferings. For as yet they fared like men that are exiles from their country; and if a gleam of mirth shot among them, it was suddenly quenched with the thought of their helpless and homeless condition. Her kind persuasions wrought upon Ulysses and the rest, that they spent twelve months in all manner of delight with her in her palace. For Circe was a powerful magician, and could command the moon from her sphere, or unroot the solid oak from its place to make it dance for their diversion; and by the help of her illusions she could

vary the taste of pleasures, and contrive delights, recreations, and jolly pastimes, to "fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream."

At length Ulysses awoke from the trance of the faculties into which her charms had thrown him, and the thought of home returned with tenfold vigor to goad and sting him; that home where he had left his virtuous wife Penelope, and his young son Telemachus. One day when Circe had been lavish of her caresses, and was in her kindest humor, he moved to her subtly, and as it were afar off, the question of his home-return; to which she answered firmly, "O Ulysses, it is not in my power to detain one whom the gods have destined to further trials. But leaving me, before you pursue your journey home, you must visit the house of Hades, or Death, to consult the shade of Tiresias, the Theban prophet; to whom alone, of all the dead, Proserpine, queen of hell, has committed the secret of future events: it is he that must inform you whether you shall ever see again your wife and country." "O Circe," he cried, "that is impossible: who shall steer my course to Pluto's kingdom? Never ship had strength to make that voyage." "Seek no guide," she replied; "but raise you your mast, and hoist your white sails, and sit in your ship in peace: the north wind shall waft you through the seas, till you shall cross the expanse of the ocean and come to where grow the poplar groves and willows pale of Proserpine: where Pyriphlegethon and Cocytus and Acheron mingle their waves. Cocytus is an arm of Styx, the forgetful river. *Here dig a pit*, and make it a cubit broad and a cubit

long; and pour in milk and honey and wine, and the blood of a ram, and the blood of a black ewe; and turn away thy face while thou pourest in, and the dead shall come flocking to taste the milk and the blood: but suffer none to approach thy offering till thou hast inquired of Tiresias all which thou wishest to know."

He did as great Circe had appointed. He raised his mast, and hoisted his white sails, and sat in his ship in peace. The north wind wafted him through the seas till he crossed the ocean, and came to the sacred woods of Proserpine. He stood at the confluence of the three floods, and digged a pit, as she had given directions, and poured in his offering, — the blood of a ram, and the blood of a black ewe, milk and honey and wine; and the dead came to his banquet, — aged men, and women, and youths, and children who died in infancy. But none of them would he suffer to approach and dip their thin lips in the offering, till Tiresias was served, — not though his own mother was among the number, whom now for the first time he knew to be dead; for he had left her living when he went to Troy; and she had died since his departure, and the tidings never reached him. Though it irked his soul to use constraint upon her, yet, in compliance with the injunction of great Circe, he forced her to retire along with the other ghosts. Then Tiresias, who bore a golden sceptre, came and lapped of the offering; and immediately he knew Ulysses, and began to prophesy: *he denounced woe to Ulysses, — woe, woe, and many sufferings, — through the anger of Neptune for the putting-out of the eye of the sea-god's son. Yet there was safety after suffering, if they could abstain from slaughtering the* oxen of the Sun after

they landed in the Triangular Island. For Ulysses, the gods had destined him from a king to become a beggar, and to perish by his own guests, unless he slew those who knew him not.

This prophecy, ambiguously delivered, was all that Tiresias was empowered to unfold, or else there was no longer place for him; for now the souls of the other dead came flocking in such numbers, tumultuously demanding the blood, that freezing horror seized the limbs of the living Ulysses, to see so many, and all dead, and he the only one alive in that region. Now his mother came and lapped the blood, without restraint from her son, and now she knew him to be her son, and inquired of him why he had come alive to their comfortless habitations. And she said that affliction for Ulysses's long absence had preyed upon her spirits, and brought her to the grave.

Ulysses's soul melted at her moving narration; and forgetting the state of the dead, and that the airy texture of disembodied spirits does not admit of the embraces of flesh and blood, he threw his arms about her to clasp her: the poor ghost melted from his embrace, and, looking mournfully upon him, vanished away.

Then saw he other women: Tyro, who when she lived was wife of Neptune, and mother of Pelias and Neleus; Antiope, who bore two like sons to Jove, Amphion and Zethus, founders of Thebes; Alcmena, the mother of Hercules, with her fair daughter, afterwards her daughter-in-law, Megara. There also Ulysses saw Jocasta, the unfortunate mother and wife of Œdipus; who, ignorant of kin, wedded with her son, and when she had discovered the unnatural alliance, for shame and grief hanged herself. He continued to drag a wretched life above the earth, haunted by

the dreadful Furies. There was Leda, the wife of Tyndarus, the mother of the beautiful Helen, and of the two brave brothers, Castor and Pollux, who obtained this grace from Jove, that, being dead, they should enjoy life alternately, living in pleasant places under the earth. For Pollux had prayed that his brother Castor, who was subject to death, as the son of Tyndarus, should partake of his own immortality, which he derived from an immortal sire. This the Fates denied; therefore Pollux was permitted to divide his immortality with his brother Castor, dying and living alternately. There was Iphimedeia, who bore two sons to Neptune that were giants, Otus and Ephialtes: Earth in her prodigality never nourished bodies to such portentous size and beauty as these two children were of, except Orion. At nine years old they had imaginations of climbing to heaven to see what the gods were doing; they thought to make stairs of mountains, and were for piling Ossa upon Olympus, and setting Pelion upon that; and had perhaps performed it, if they had lived till they were striplings; but they were cut off by death in the infancy of their ambitious project. Phædra was there, and Procris, and Ariadne, mournful for Theseus's desertion, and Mæra, and Clymene, and Eryphile, who preferred gold before wedlock faith.

But now came a mournful ghost, that late was Agamemnon, son of Atreus, the mighty leader of all the host of Greece and their confederate kings that warred against Troy. He came with the rest to sip a little of the blood at that uncomfortable banquet. Ulysses was moved with compassion to see him among them, and asked him what untimely fate had brought him there; if storms had over-

whelmed him coming from Troy, or if he had perished in some mutiny by his own soldiers at a division of the prey.

"By none of these," he replied, "did I come to my death; but slain at a banquet to which I was invited by Ægisthus after my return home. He conspiring with my adulterous wife, they laid a scheme for my destruction, training me forth to a banquet as an ox goes to the slaughter; and, there surrounding me, they slew me with all my friends about me.

"Clytemnestra, my wicked wife, forgetting the vows which she swore to me in wedlock, would not lend a hand to close my eyes in death. But nothing is so heaped with impieties as such a woman, who would kill her spouse that married her a maid. When I brought her home to my house a bride, I hoped in my heart that she would be loving to me and to my children. Now her black treacheries have cast a foul aspersion on her whole sex. Blessed husbands will have their loving wives in suspicion for her bad deeds."

"Alas!" said Ulysses, "there seems to be a fatality in your royal house of Atreus, and that they are hated of Jove for their wives. For Helen's sake, your brother Menelaus's wife, what multitudes fell in the wars of Troy!"

Agamemnon replied, "For this cause be not thou more kind than wise to any woman. Let not thy words express to her at any time all that is in thy mind, keep still some secrets to thyself. But thou by any bloody contrivances of thy wife never needst fear to fall. Exceeding wise she is, and to her wisdom she has a goodness as eminent; Icarius's daughter, Penelope the chaste: we left her a young *bride when we* parted from our wives to go to the wars,

her first child at her breast, the young Telemachus, whom you shall see grown up to manhood on your return, and he shall greet his father with befitting welcomes. My Orestes, my dear son, I shall never see again. His mother has deprived his father of the sight of him, and perhaps will slay him as she slew his sire. But what says fame? is my son yet alive? lives he in Orchomen, or in Pylus, or is he resident in Sparta, in his uncle's court? As yet, I see, divine Orestes is not here with me."

To this Ulysses replied that he had received no certain tidings where Orestes abode, only some uncertain rumors which he could not report for truth.

While they held this sad conference, with kind tears striving to render unkind fortunes more palatable, the soul of great Achilles joined them. "What desperate adventure has brought Ulysses to these regions," said Achilles; "to see the end of dead men, and their foolish shades?"

Ulysses answered him that he had come to consult Tiresias respecting his voyage home. "But thou, O son of Thetis," said he, "why dost thou disparage the state of the dead? seeing that as alive thou didst surpass all men in glory, thou must needs retain thy pre-eminence here below: so great Achilles triumphs over death."

But Achilles made reply that he had much rather be a peasant-slave upon the earth than reign over all the dead. So much did the inactivity and slothful condition of that state displease his unquenchable and restless spirit. Only he inquired of Ulysses if his father Peleus were living, and how his son Neoptolemus conducted himself.

Of Peleus Ulysses could tell him nothing; but of Neoptolemus he thus bore witness: "From Scyros I convoyed

your son by sea to the Greeks: where I can speak of him, for I knew him. He was chief in council, and in the field. When any question was proposed, so quick was his conceit in the forward apprehension of any case, that he ever spoke first, and was heard with more attention than the older heads. Only myself and aged Nestor could compare with him in giving advice. In battle I cannot speak his praise, unless I could count all that fell by his sword. I will only mention one instance of his manhood. When we sat hid in the belly of the wooden horse, in the ambush which deceived the Trojans to their destruction, I, who had the management of that stratagem, still shifted my place from side to side to note the behavior of our men. In some I marked their hearts trembling, through all the pains which they took to appear valiant; and in others tears, that in spite of manly courage would gush forth. And to say truth, it was an adventure of high enterprise, and as perilous a stake as was ever played in war's game. But in him I could not observe the least sign of weakness; no tears nor tremblings, but his hand still on his good sword, and ever urging me to set open the machine and let us out before the time was come for doing it; and when we sallied out he was still first in that fierce destruction and bloody midnight desolation of king Priam's city."

This made the soul of Achilles to tread a swifter pace, with high-raised feet, as he vanished away, for the joy which he took in his son being applauded by Ulysses.

A sad shade stalked by, which Ulysses knew to be the ghost of Ajax, his opponent, when living, in that famous dispute about the right of succeeding to the arms of the *deceased Achilles*. They being adjudged by the Greeks

to Ulysses, as the prize of wisdom above bodily strength, the noble Ajax in despite went mad, and slew himself. The sight of his rival turned to a shade by his dispute so subdued the passion of emulation in Ulysses that for his sake he wished that judgment in that controversy had been given against himself, rather than so illustrious a chief should have perished for the desire of those arms which his prowess (second only to Achilles in fight) so eminently had deserved. "Ajax," he cried, "all the Greeks mourn for thee as much as they lamented for Achilles. Let not thy wrath burn forever, great son of Telamon. Ulysses seeks peace with thee, and will make any atonement to thee that can appease thy hurt spirit." But the shade stalked on, and would not exchange a word with Ulysses, though he prayed it with many tears and many earnest entreaties. "He might have spoken to me," said Ulysses, "since I spoke to him; but I see the resentments of the dead are eternal."

Then Ulysses saw a throne on which was placed a judge distributing sentence. He that sat on the throne was Minos, and he was dealing out just judgments to the dead. He it is that assigns them their place in bliss or woe.

Then came by a thundering ghost, the large-limbed Orion, the mighty hunter, who was hunting there the ghosts of the beasts which he had slaughtered in desert hills upon the earth. For the dead delight in the occupations which pleased them in the time of their living upon the earth.

There was Tityus suffering eternal pains because he had sought to bring dishonor to Latona, as she passed

from Pytho into Panopeus. Two vultures sat perpetually preying upon his liver with their crooked beaks; which as fast as they devoured, is forever renewed; nor can he fray[1] them away with his great hands.

There was Tantalus, plagued for his great sins, standing up to the chin in water, which he can never taste, but still as he bows his head, thinking to quench his burning thirst, instead of water he licks up unsavory dust. All fruits pleasant to the sight, and of delicious flavor, hang in ripe clusters about his head, seeming as though they offered themselves to be plucked by him; but when he reaches out his hand, some wind carries them far out of his sight into the clouds: so he is starved in the midst of plenty by the righteous doom of Jove, in memory of that inhuman banquet at which the sun turned pale, when the unnatural father served up the limbs of his little son in a dish, as meat for his divine guests.

There was Sisyphus, that sees no end to his labors. His punishment is, to be forever rolling up a vast stone to the top of a mountain; which, when it gets to the top, falls down with a crushing weight, and all his work is to be begun again. He was bathed all over in sweat, that reeked out a smoke which covered his head like a mist. His crime had been the revealing of state secrets.

There Ulysses saw Hercules — not that Hercules who enjoys immortal life in heaven among the gods, and is married to Hebe, or Youth; but his shadow, which remains below. About him the dead flocked as thick as bats, hovering around, and cuffing at his head: he stands with his dreadful bow, ever in the act to shoot.

[1] *fray*, frighten.

There also might Ulysses have seen and spoken with the shades of Theseus, and Pirithous, and the old heroes; but he had conversed enough with horrors; therefore, covering his face with his hands, that he might see no more spectres, he resumed his seat in his ship, and pushed off. The bark moved of itself without the help of any oar, and soon brought him out of the regions of death into the cheerful quarters of the living, and to the island of Ææa, whence he had set forth.

CHAPTER III.

THE SONG OF THE SIRENS. — SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS. — THE OXEN OF THE SUN. — THE JUDGMENT. — THE CREW KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

"UNHAPPY man, who at thy birth wast appointed twice to die! Others shall die once; but thou, besides that death that remains for thee, common to all men, hast in thy lifetime visited the shades of death. Thee Scylla, thee Charybdis, expect. Thee the deathful Sirens lie in wait for, that taint the minds of whoever listen to them with their sweet singing. Whosoever shall but hear the call of any Siren, he will so despise both wife and children through their sorceries that the stream of his affection never again shall set homewards, nor shall he take joy in wife or children thereafter, or they in him."

With these prophetic greetings great Circe met Ulysses on his return. He besought her to instruct him in the nature of the Sirens, and by what method their baneful allurements were to be resisted.

"They are sisters three," she replied, "that sit in a

mead (by which your ship must needs pass) circled with dead men's bones. These are the bones of men whom they have slain, after with fawning invitements they have enticed them into their fen. Yet such is the celestial harmony of their voices accompanying the persuasive magic of their words, that, knowing this, you shall not be able to withstand their enticements. Therefore, when you are to sail by them, you shall stop the ears of your companions with wax, that they may hear no note of that dangerous music; but for yourself, that you may hear, and yet live, give them strict command to bind you hand and foot to the mast, and in no case to set you free till you are out of the danger of the temptation, though you should entreat it, and implore it ever so much, but to bind you rather the more for your requesting to be loosed. So shall you escape that snare."

Ulysses then prayed her that she would inform him what Scylla and Charybdis were, which she had taught him by name to fear. She replied: "Sailing from Ææa to Trinacria, you must pass at an equal distance between two fatal rocks. Incline never so little either to the one side or the other, and your ship must meet with certain destruction. No vessel ever yet tried that pass without being lost but the Argo, which owed her safety to the sacred freight she bore, the fleece of the golden-backed ram, which could not perish. The biggest of these rocks which you shall come to, Scylla hath in charge. There in a deep whirlpool at the foot of the rock the abhorred monster shrouds her face; who if she were to show her full form, no eye of man or god could endure the sight: thence she stretches out all her six long necks, peering

and diving to suck up fish, dolphins, dog-fish, and whales, whole ships and their men, whatever comes within her raging gulf. The other rock is lesser, and of less ominous aspect; but there dreadful Charybdis sits, supping the black deeps. Thrice a day she drinks her pits dry, and thrice a day again she belches them all up; but when she is drinking, come not nigh; for, being once caught, the force of Neptune cannot redeem you from her swallow. Better trust to Scylla, for she will but have for her six necks six men: Charybdis in her insatiate draught will ask all."

Then Ulysses inquired, in case he should escape Charybdis, whether he might not assail that other monster with his sword; to which she replied that he must not think that he had an enemy subject to death, or wounds, to contend with, for Scylla could never die. Therefore, his best safety was in flight, and to invoke none of the gods but Cratis, who is Scylla's mother, and might perhaps forbid her daughter to devour them. For his conduct after he arrived at Trinacria she referred him to the admonitions which had been given him by Tiresias.

Ulysses having communicated her instructions, as far as related to the Sirens, to his companions, who had not been present at that interview, but concealing from them the rest, as he had done the terrible predictions of Tiresias, that they might not be deterred by fear from pursuing their voyage — the time for departure being come, they set their sails, and took a final leave of great Circe; who by her art calmed the heavens, and gave them smooth seas, and a right forewind (the seaman's friend) to bear them on their way to Ithaca.

They had not sailed past a hundred leagues before the breeze which Circe had lent them suddenly stopped. It was stricken dead. All the sea lay in prostrate slumber. Not a gasp of air could be felt. The ship stood still. Ulysses guessed that the island of the Sirens was not far off, and that they had charmed the air so with their devilish singing. Therefore he made him cakes of wax, as Circe had instructed him, and stopped the ears of his men with them; then causing himself to be bound hand and foot, he commanded the rowers to ply their oars and row as fast as speed could carry them past that fatal shore. They soon came within sight of the Sirens, who sang in Ulysses's hearing: —

"Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise, —
Ulysses! Stay thy ship, and that song hear
That none pass'd ever, but it bent his ear,
But left him ravish'd, and instructed more
By us than any ever heard before.
For we know all things, — whatsoever were
In wide Troy labor'd; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd,
By those high issues that the gods ordain'd:
And whatsoever all the earth can show,
To inform a knowledge of desert, we know."

These were the words, but the celestial harmony of the voices which sang them no tongue can describe: it took the ear of Ulysses with ravishment. He would have broken his bonds to rush after them; and threatened, wept, sued, entreated, commanded, crying out with tears and passionate imprecations, conjuring his men by all the ties of perils past which they had endured in common, by

fellowship and love, and the authority which he retained among them, to let him loose; but at no rate would they obey him. And still the Sirens sang. Ulysses made signs, motions, gestures, promising mountains of gold if they would set him free; but their oars only moved faster. And still the Sirens sang. And still the more he adjured them to set him free, the faster with cords and ropes they bound him; till they were quite out of hearing of the Sirens' notes, whose effect great Circe had so truly predicted. And well she might speak of them, for often she had joined her own enchanting voice to theirs, while she has sat in the flowery meads, mingled with the Sirens and the Water Nymphs, gathering their potent herbs and drugs of magic quality. Their singing all together has made the gods stoop, and "heaven drowsy with the harmony."

Escaped that peril, they had not sailed yet a hundred leagues farther, when they heard a roar afar off, which Ulysses knew to be the barking of Scylla's dogs, which surround her waist, and bark incessantly. Coming nearer they beheld a smoke ascend, with a horrid murmur, which rose from that other whirlpool, to which they made nigher approaches than to Scylla. Through the furious eddy, which is in that place, the ship stood still as a stone; for there was no man to lend his hand to an oar: the dismal roar of Scylla's dogs at a distance, and the nearer clamors of Charybdis, where everything made an echo, quite taking from them the power of exertion. Ulysses went up and down encouraging his men, one by one, giving them good words; telling them that they were in greater perils when they were blocked up in the Cyclop's cave, yet, heaven assisting his counsels, he had delivered them out of that

extremity; — that he could not believe but they remembered it; and wished them to give the same trust to the same care which he had now for their welfare; — that they must exert all the strength and wit which they had, and try if Jove would not grant them an escape, even out of this peril. In particular he cheered up the pilot who sat at the helm, and told him that he must show more firmness than other men, as he had more trust committed to him; and had the sole management, by his skill, of the vessel in which all their safeties were embarked; — that a rock lay hid within those boiling whirlpools which he saw, on the outside of which he must steer, if he would avoid his own destruction and the destruction of them all.

They heard him, and like men took to the oars; but little knew what opposite danger, in shunning that rock, they must be thrown upon. For Ulysses had concealed from them the wounds, never to be healed, which Scylla was to open: their terror would else have robbed them all of all care to steer or move an oar, and have made them hide under the hatches, for fear of seeing her, where he and they must have died an idle death. But even then he forgot the precautions which Circe had given him to prevent harm to his person, who had willed him not to arm, or show himself once to Scylla; but disdaining not to venture life for his brave companions, he could not contain, but armed in all points, and taking a lance in either hand, he went up to the fore-deck, and looked when Scylla would appear.

She did not show herself as yet, and still the vessel steered closer by her rock, as it sought to shun that other *more dreaded;* for they saw how horribly Charybdis's

black throat drew into her all the whirling deep, which she disgorged again, that all about her boiled like a kettle, and the rock roared with troubled waters; which when she supped in again, all the bottom turned up, and disclosed far under shore the swart[1] sands naked, whose whole stern sight frayed the startled blood from their faces, and made Ulysses turn his to view the wonder of whirlpools. Which when Scylla saw from out her black den, she darted out her six long necks, and swooped up as many of his friends: whose cries Ulysses heard, and saw them too late, with their heels turned up, and their hands thrown to him for succor, who had been their help in all extremities, but could not deliver them now; and he heard them shriek out as she tore them, and to the last they continued to throw their hands out to him for sweet life. In all his sufferings he never had beheld a sight so full of miseries.

Escaped from Scylla and Charybdis, but with a diminished crew, Ulysses and the sad remains of his followers reached the Trinacrian shore. Here landing, he beheld oxen grazing of such surpassing size and beauty that, both from them and from the shape of the island (having three promontories jutting into the sea), he judged rightly that he was come to the Triangular Island and the oxen of the Sun, of which Tiresias had forewarned him.

So great was his terror lest through his own fault, or that of his men, any violence or profanation should be offered to the holy oxen, that even then, tired as they were with the perils and fatigues of the day past, and unable to stir an oar, or use any exertion, and though night was fast coming on, he would have had them re-em-

[1] *swart*, black.

bark immediately, and make the best of their way from that dangerous station; but his men with one voice resolutely opposed it, and even the too cautious Eurylochus himself withstood the proposal; so much did the temptation of a little ease and refreshment (ease tenfold sweet after such labors) prevail over the sagest counsels, and the apprehension of certain evil outweigh the prospect of contingent danger. They expostulated that the nerves of Ulysses seemed to be made of steel, and his limbs not liable to lassitude like other men's; that waking or sleeping seemed indifferent to him; but that they were men, not gods, and felt the common appetites for food and sleep; that in the night-time, all the winds most destructive to ships are generated; that black night still required to be served with meat and sleep, and quiet havens and ease; that the best sacrifice to the sea was in the morning. With such sailor-like sayings and mutinous arguments, which the majority have always ready to justify disobedience to their betters, they forced Ulysses to comply with their requisition, and against his will to take up his night-quarters on shore. But he first exacted from them an oath that they would neither maim nor kill any of the cattle which they saw grazing, but content themselves with such food as Circe had stowed their vessel with when they parted from Ææa. This they man by man severally promised, imprecating the heaviest curses on whoever should break it; and mooring their bark within a creek, they went to supper, contenting themselves that night with such food as Circe had given them, not without many sad thoughts of their friends whom Scylla had devoured, the grief of which kept them great part of the

In the morning, Ulysses urged them again to a religious observance of the oath that they had sworn, not in any case to attempt the blood of those fair herds which they saw grazing, but to content themselves with the ship's food; for the god who owned those cattle sees and hears all.

They faithfully obeyed, and remained in that good mind for a month; during which they were confined to that station by contrary winds, till all the wine and the bread were gone which they had brought with them. When their victuals were gone, necessity compelled them to stray in quest of whatever fish or fowl they could snare, which that coast did not yield in any great abundance. Then Ulysses prayed to all the gods that dwelt in bountiful heaven, that they would be pleased to yield them some means to stay their hunger, without having recourse to profane and forbidden violations; but the ears of heaven seemed to be shut, or some god incensed plotted his ruin; for at mid-day, when he should chiefly have been vigilant and watchful to prevent mischief, a deep sleep fell upon the eyes of Ulysses, during which he lay totally insensible of all that passed in the world, and what his friends or what his enemies might do for his welfare or destruction. Then Eurylochus took his advantage. He was the man of most authority with them after Ulysses. He represented to them all the misery of their condition; how that every death is hateful and grievous to mortality, but that of all deaths famine is attended with the most painful, loathsome, and humiliating circumstances; that the subsistence which they could hope to draw from fowling or fishing was too precarious to be depended upon; that there did

not seem to be any chance of the winds changing to favor their escape, but that they must inevitably stay there and perish, if they let an irrational superstition deter them from the means which Nature offered to their hands; that Ulysses might be deceived in his belief that these oxen had any sacred qualities above other oxen; and even admitting that they were the property of the god of the Sun, as he said they were, the Sun did neither eat nor drink, and the gods were best served not by a scrupulous conscience, but by a thankful heart, which took freely what they as freely offered. With these and such like persuasions he prevailed on his half-famished and half-mutinous companions to begin the impious violation of their oath by the slaughter of seven of the fairest of these oxen which were grazing. Part they roasted and ate, and part they offered in sacrifice to the gods, particularly to Apollo, god of the Sun, vowing to build a temple to his godhead when they should arrive in Ithaca, and deck it with magnificent and numerous gifts. Vain men! and superstition worse than that which they had so lately derided! to imagine that prospective penitence can excuse a present violation of duty, and that the pure natures of the heavenly powers will admit of compromise or dispensation for sin!

But to their feast they fell, dividing the roasted portions of the flesh, savory and pleasant meat to them, but a sad sight to the eyes, and a savor of death in the nostrils, of the waking Ulysses, who just woke in time to witness, but not soon enough to prevent, their rash and sacrilegious banquet. He had scarce time to ask what *great mischief* was this which they had done unto him;

when behold, a prodigy! the ox-hides which they had stripped began to creep as if they had life; and the roasted flesh bellowed as the ox used to do when he was living. The hair of Ulysses stood up on end with affright at these omens; but his companions, like men whom the gods had infatuated to their destruction, persisted in their horrible banquet.

The Sun from his burning chariot saw how Ulysses's men had slain his oxen, and he cried to his father Jove, "Revenge me upon these impious men who have slain my oxen, which it did me good to look upon when I walked my heavenly round. In all my daily course I never saw such bright and beautiful creatures as those my oxen were." The father promised that ample retribution should be taken of those accursed men: which was fulfilled shortly after, when they took their leaves of the fatal island.

Six days they feasted in spite of the signs of heaven, and on the seventh, the wind changing, they set their sails and left the island; and their hearts were cheerful with the banquets they had held; all but the heart of Ulysses, which sank within him, as with wet eyes he beheld his friends, and gave them for lost, as men devoted to divine vengeance. Which soon overtook them; for they had not gone many leagues before a dreadful tempest arose, which burst their cables; down came their mast, crushing the skull of the pilot in its fall: off he fell from the stern into the water; and the bark, wanting his management, drove along at the wind's mercy. Thunders roared, and terrible lightnings of Jove came down: first a bolt struck Eurylochus, then another, and then

another, till all the crew were killed, and their bodies swam about like sea-mews; and the ship was split in pieces. Only Ulysses survived; and he had no hope of safety but in tying himself to the mast, where he sat riding upon the waves, like one that in no extremity would yield to fortune. Nine days was he floating about with all the motions of the sea, with no other support than the slender mast under him, till the tenth night cast him, all spent and weary with toil, upon the friendly shores of the island Ogygia.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO. — IMMORTALITY REFUSED.

HENCEFORTH the adventures of the single Ulysses must be pursued. Of all those faithful partakers of his toil, who with him left Asia, laden with the spoils of Troy, now not one remains, but all a prey to the remorseless waves, and food for some great fish; their gallant navy reduced to one ship, and that finally swallowed up and lost. Where now are all their anxious thoughts of home? that perseverance with which they went through the severest sufferings and the hardest labors to which poor seafarers were ever exposed, that their toils at last might be crowned with the sight of their native shores and wives at Ithaca! Ulysses is now in the isle Ogygia, called the Delightful Island. The poor shipwrecked chief, the slave of all the elements, is once again raised by the caprice of fortune into a shadow of prosperity. He that was cast naked upon the shore, bereft of all his companions, has now a

goddess to attend upon him, and his companions are the nymphs which never die. Who has not heard of Calypso? her grove crowned with alders and poplars; her grotto, against which the luxuriant vine laid forth his purple grapes; her ever-new delights, crystal fountains, running brooks, meadows flowering with sweet balm-gentle and with violet; blue violets which like veins enamelled the smooth breasts of each fragrant mead? It were useless to describe over again what has been so well told already, or to relate those soft arts of courtship which the goddess used to detain Ulysses; the same in kind which she afterwards practised upon his less wary son, whom Athene in the shape of Mentor, hardly preserved from her snares, when they came to the Delightful Island together in search of the scarce departed Ulysses.

A memorable example of married love, and a worthy instance how dear to every good man his country is, was exhibited by Ulysses. If Circe loved him sincerely, Calypso loves him with tenfold more warmth and passion: she can deny him nothing, but his departure; she offers him everything, even to a participation of her immortality — if he will stay and share in her pleasures, he shall never die. But death with glory has greater charms for a mind heroic than a life that shall never die with shame; and when he pledged his vows to his Penelope, he reserved no stipulation that he would forsake her whenever a goddess should think him worthy, but they had sworn to live and grow old together; and he would not survive her if he could, nor meanly share in immortality itself, from which she was excluded.

These thoughts kept him pensive and melancholy in

the midst of pleasure. His heart was on the seas, making voyages to Ithaca. Twelve months had worn away, when Athene from heaven saw her favorite, how he sat still pining on the sea-shores (his daily custom), wishing for a ship to carry him home. She (who is Wisdom herself) was indignant that so wise and brave a man as Ulysses should be held in effeminate bondage by an unworthy goddess; and at her request her father Jove ordered Mercury to go down to the earth to command Calypso to dismiss her guest. The divine messenger tied fast to his feet his winged shoes, which bear him over land and seas, and took in his hand his golden rod, the ensign of his authority. Then wheeling in many an airy round, he stayed not till he alighted on the firm top of the mountain Pieria; thence he fetched a second circuit over the seas, kissing the waves in his flight with his feet, as light as any sea-mew fishing dips her wings, till he touched the isle Ogygia, and soared up from the blue sea to the grotto of the goddess to whom his errand was ordained.

His message struck a horror, checked by love, through all the faculties of Calypso. She replied to it, incensed: "You gods are insatiate, past all that live, in all things which you affect; which makes you so envious and grudging. It afflicts you to the heart when any goddess seeks the love of a mortal man in marriage, though you yourselves without scruple link yourselves to women of the earth. So it fared with you, when the delicious-fingered Morning shared Orion's love; you could never satisfy your hate and your jealousy till you had incensed dame Diana, who leads the precise life, to come upon him by stealth in Ortygia, and pierce him through with her arrows.

And when rich-haired Ceres gave the reins to her affections, and took Iasion (well worthy) the secret was not so cunningly kept but Jove had soon notice of it; and the poor mortal paid for his felicity with death, struck through with lightnings. And now you envy me the possession of a wretched man whom tempests have cast upon my shores, making him lawfully mine; whose ship Jove rent in pieces with his hot thunderbolts, killing all his friends. Him I have preserved, loved, nourished; made him mine by protection, my creature; by every tie of gratitude, mine; have vowed to make him deathless like myself; him you will take from me. But I know your power, and that it is vain for me to resist. Tell your king that I obey his mandates."

With an ill grace Calypso promised to fulfil the commands of Jove; and, Mercury departing, she went to find Ulysses, where he sat outside the grotto, not knowing of the heavenly message, drowned in discontent, not seeing any human probability of his ever returning home.

She said to him: "Unhappy man, no longer afflict yourself with pining after your country, but build you a ship, with which you may return home, since it is the will of the gods; who, doubtless, as they are greater in power than I, are greater in skill, and best can tell what is fittest for man. But I call the gods and my inward conscience to witness that I had no thought but what stood with thy safety, nor would have done or counselled anything against thy good. I persuaded thee to nothing which I should not have followed myself in thy extremity; for my mind is innocent and simple. Oh, if thou knewest what dreadful sufferings thou must yet endure before ever thou reachest thy native land, thou wouldest not esteem

so hardly of a goddess's offer to share her immortality with thee; nor for a few years' enjoyment of a perishing Penelope, refuse an imperishable and never-dying life with Calypso."

He replied: "Ever-honored, great Calypso, let it not displease thee, that I a mortal man desire to see and converse again with a wife that is mortal: human objects are best fitted to human infirmities. I well know how far in wisdom, in feature, in stature, proportion, beauty, in all the gifts of the mind, thou exceedest my Penelope: she is mortal, and subject to decay; thou immortal, ever growing, yet never old; yet in her sight all my desires terminate, all my wishes — in the sight of her, and of my country earth. If any god, envious of my return, shall lay his dreadful hand upon me as I pass the seas, I submit; for the same powers have given me a mind not to sink under oppression. In wars and waves my sufferings have not been small."

She heard his pleaded reasons, and of force she must assent; so to her nymphs she gave in charge from her sacred woods to cut down timber, to make Ulysses a ship. They obeyed, though in a work unsuitable to their soft fingers; yet to obedience no sacrifice is hard; and Ulysses busily bestirred himself, laboring far more hard than they, as was fitting, till twenty tall trees, driest and fittest for timber, were felled. Then, like a skilful shipwright, he fell to joining the planks, using the plane, the axe, and the auger with such expedition that in four days' time a ship was made, complete with all her decks, hatches, sideboards, yards. Calypso added linen for the sails, and *tackling; and* when she was finished, she was a goodly

vessel for a man to sail in, alone or in company, over the wide seas. By the fifth morning she was launched; and Ulysses, furnished with store of provisions, rich garments, and gold and silver, given him by Calypso, took a last leave of her and of her nymphs, and of the isle Ogygia which had so befriended him.

CHAPTER V.

THE TEMPEST. — THE SEA-BIRD'S GIFT. — THE ESCAPE BY SWIMMING. — THE SLEEP IN THE WOODS.

AT the stern of his solitary ship Ulysses sat, and steered right artfully. No sleep could seize his eyelids. He beheld the Pleiads, the Bear, which is by some called the Wain, that moves round about Orion, and keeps still above the ocean, and the slow-setting sign Boötes, which some name the Wagoner. Seventeen days he held his course, and on the eighteenth the coast of Phæacia was in sight. The figure of the land, as seen from the sea, was pretty and circular, and looked something like a shield.

Neptune, returning from visiting his favorite Æthiopians, from the mountains of the Solymi descried Ulysses ploughing the waves, his domain. The sight of the man he so much hated for Polyphemus's sake, his son, whose eye Ulysses had put out, set the god's heart on fire; and snatching into his hand his horrid sea-sceptre, the trident of his power, he smote the air and the sea, and conjured up all his black storms, calling down night from the cope[1] of heaven, and taking the earth into the sea, as it seemed,

[1] *cope*, covering, arch.

with clouds, through the darkness and indistinctness which prevailed; the billows rolling up before the fury of all the winds, that contended together in their mighty sport.

Then the knees of Ulysses bent with fear, and then all his spirit was spent, and he wished that he had been among the number of his countrymen who fell before Troy, and had their funerals celebrated by all the Greeks, rather than to perish thus, where no man could mourn him or know him.

As he thought these melancholy thoughts, a huge wave took him and washed him overboard, ship and all upset amidst the billows, he struggling afar off, clinging to her stern broken off which he yet held, her mast cracking in two with the fury of that gust of mixed winds that struck it, sails and sail-yards fell into the deep, and he himself was long drowned under water, nor could get his head above, wave so met with wave, as if they strove which should depress him most; and the gorgeous garments given him by Calypso clung about him, and hindered his swimming; yet neither for this, nor for the overthrow of his ship, nor his own perilous condition, would he give up his drenched vessel; but, wrestling with Neptune, got at length hold of her again, and then sat in her hull, insulting over death, which he had escaped, and the salt waves which he gave the seas again to give to other men; his ship, striving to live, floated at random, cuffed from wave to wave, hurled to and fro by all the winds: now Boreas tossed it to Notus, Notus passed it to Eurus, and Eurus to the West Wind, who kept up the horrid tennis.

Them in their mad sport Ino Leucothea beheld — Ino

Leucothea, now a sea-goddess, but once a mortal and the daughter of Cadmus; she with pity beheld Ulysses the mark of their fierce contention, and rising from the waves alighted on the ship, in shape like to the sea-bird which is called a cormorant; and in her beak she held a wonderful girdle made of sea-weeds, which grow at the bottom of the ocean, which she dropped at his feet; and the bird spake to Ulysses, and counselled him not to trust any more to that fatal vessel against which god Neptune had levelled his furious wrath, nor to those ill-befriending garments which Calypso had given him, but to quit both it and them, and trust for his safety to swimming. "And here," said the seeming bird, "take this girdle and tie about your middle, which has virtue to protect the wearer at sea, and you shall safely reach the shore; but when you have landed, cast it far from you back into the sea." He did as the sea-bird instructed him; he stripped himself naked, and, fastening the wondrous girdle about his middle, cast himself into the seas to swim. The bird dived past his sight into the fathomless abyss of the ocean.

Two days and two nights he spent in struggling with the waves, though sore buffeted, and almost spent, never giving up himself for lost; such confidence he had in that charm which he wore about his middle, and in the words of that divine bird. But the third morning the winds grew calm and all the heavens were clear. Then he saw himself nigh land, which he knew to be the coast of the Phæacians, a people good to strangers and abounding in ships, by whose favor he doubted not that he should soon obtain a passage to his own country. And such joy he conceived in his heart as good sons have that esteem their

father's life dear, when long sickness has held him down to his bed and wasted his body, and they see at length health return to the old man, with restored strength and spirits, in reward of their many prayers to the gods for his safety: so precious was the prospect of home-return to Ulysses, that he might restore health to his country (his better parent), that had long languished as full of distempers in his absence. And then for his own safety's sake he had joy to see the shores, the woods, so nigh and within his grasp as they seemed, and he labored with all the might of hands and feet to reach with swimming that nigh-seeming land.

But when he approached near, a horrid sound of a huge sea beating against rocks informed him that here was no place for landing, nor any harbor for man's resort; but through the weeds and the foam which the sea belched up against the land he could dimly discover the rugged shore all bristled with flints, and all that part of the coast one impending rock that seemed impossible to climb, and the water all about so deep that not a sand was there for any tired foot to rest upon; and every moment he feared lest some wave more cruel than the rest should crush him against a cliff, rendering worse than vain all his landing; and should he swim to seek a more commodious haven farther on, he was fearful lest, weak and spent as he was, the winds would force him back a long way off into the main, where the terrible god Neptune, for wrath that he had so nearly escaped his power, having gotten him again into his domain, would send out some great whale (of which those seas breed a horrid number) to swallow him up *alive; with* such malignity he still pursued him.

While these thoughts distracted him with diversity of dangers, one bigger wave drove against a sharp rock his naked body, which it gashed and tore, and wanted little of breaking all his bones, so rude was the shock. But in this extremity she prompted him that never failed him at need. Athene (who is Wisdom itself) put it into his thoughts no longer to keep swimming off and on, as one dallying with danger, but boldly to force the shore that threatened him, and to hug the rock that had torn him so rudely; which with both hands he clasped, wrestling with extremity, till the rage of that billow which had driven him upon it was passed; but then again the rock drove back that wave so furiously that it reft him of his hold, sucking him with it in its return; and the sharp rock, his cruel friend, to which he clung for succor, rent the flesh so sore from his hands in parting that he fell off, and could sustain no longer; quite under water he fell, and, past the help of fate, there had the hapless Ulysses lost all portion that he had in this life, if Athene had not prompted his wisdom in that peril to essay another course, and to explore some other shelter, ceasing to attempt that landing-place.

She guided his wearied and nigh-exhausted limbs to the mouth of the fair river Callirhoë, which not far from thence disbursed its watery tribute to the ocean. Here the shores were easy and accessible, and the rocks, which rather adorned than defended its banks, so smooth that they seemed polished of purpose to invite the landing of our sea-wanderer, and to atone for the uncourteous treatment which those less hospitable cliffs had afforded him. And the god of the river, as if in pity, stayed his current, and smoothed his waters, to make his landing more easy;

for sacred to the ever-living deities of the fresh waters, be they mountain-stream, river, or lake, is the cry of erring mortals that seek their aid, by reason that, being inland-bred, they partake more of the gentle humanities of our nature than those marine deities whom Neptune trains up in tempests in the unpitying recesses of his salt abyss.

So by the favor of the river's god Ulysses crept to land half-drowned; both his knees faltering, his strong hands falling down through weakness from the excessive toils he had endured, his cheeks and nostrils flowing with froth of the sea-brine, much of which he had swallowed in that conflict, voice and breath spent, down he sank as in death. Dead weary he was. It seemed that the sea had soaked through his heart, and the pains he felt in all his veins were little less than those which one feels that has endured the torture of the rack. But when his spirits came a little to themselves, and his recollection by degrees began to return, he rose up, and unloosing from his waist the girdle or charm which that divine bird had given him, and remembering the charge which he had received with it, he flung it far from him into the river. Back it swam with the course of the ebbing stream till it reached the sea, where the fair hands of Ino Leucothea received it to keep it as a pledge of safety to any future shipwrecked mariner that, like Ulysses, should wander in those perilous waves.

Then he kissed the humble earth in token of safety, and on he went by the side of that pleasant river, till he came where a thicker shade of rushes that grew on its banks seemed to point out the place where he might rest his sea-wearied limbs. And here a fresh perplexity divided

his mind, whether he should pass the night, which was coming on, in that place, where, though he feared no other enemies, the damps and frosts of the chill sea-air in that exposed situation might be death to him in his weak state; or whether he had better climb the next hill, and pierce the depth of some shady wood, in which he might find a warm and sheltered though insecure repose, subject to the approach of any wild beast that roamed that way. Best did this last course appear to him, though with some danger, as that which was more honorable and savored more of strife and self-exertion than to perish without a struggle the passive victim of cold and the elements.

So he bent his course to the nearest woods, where, entering in, he found a thicket, mostly of wild olives and such low trees, yet growing so intertwined and knit together that the moist wind had not leave to play through their branches, nor the sun's scorching beams to pierce their recesses, nor any shower to beat through, they grew so thick, and as it were folded each in the other. Here creeping in, he made his bed of the leaves which were beginning to fall, of which was such abundance that two or three men might have spread them ample coverings, such as might shield them from the winter's rage, though the air breathed steel and blew as it would burst. Here creeping in, he heaped up store of leaves all about him as a man would billets upon a winter fire, and lay down in the midst. Rich seed of virtue lying hid in poor leaves! Here Athene soon gave him sound sleep; and here all his long toils past seemed to be concluded and shut up within the little sphere of his refreshed and closed eyelids.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRINCESS NAUSICAA. — THE WASHING. — THE GAME WITH THE BALL. — THE COURT OF PHÆACIA AND KING ALCINOUS.

MEANTIME Athene, designing an interview between the king's daughter of that country and Ulysses when he should awake, went by night to the palace of king Alcinous, and stood at the bedside of the princess Nausicaa in the shape of one of her favorite attendants, and thus addressed the sleeping princess: —

"Nausicaa, why do you lie sleeping here, and never bestow a thought upon your bridal ornaments, of which you have many and beautiful, laid up in your wardrobe against the day of your marriage, which cannot be far distant; when you shall have need of all, not only to deck your own person, but to give away in presents to the virgins that honoring you shall attend you to the temple? Your reputation stands much upon the timely care of these things; these things are they which fill father and reverend mother with delight. Let us arise betimes to wash your fair vestments of linen and silks in the river; and request your sire to lend you mules and a coach, for your wardrobe is heavy, and the place where we must wash is distant; and besides it fits not a great princess like you to go so far on foot."

So saying, she went away, and Nausicaa awoke, full of pleasing thoughts of her marriage, which the dream had told her was not far distant; and as soon as it was dawn she arose and dressed herself, and went to find her *parents.*

The queen her mother was already up, and seated among her maids, spinning at her wheel, as the fashion was in those primitive times, when great ladies did not disdain housewifery: and the king her father was preparing to go abroad at that early hour to counsel with his grave senate.

"My father," she said, "will you not order mules and a coach to be got ready, that I may go and wash, I and my maids, at the cisterns that stand without the city?"

"What washing does my daughter speak of?" said Alcinous.

"Mine and my brothers' garments," she replied, "that have contracted soil by this time with lying by so long in the wardrobe. Five sons have you that are my brothers; two of them are married, and three are bachelors; these last it concerns to have their garments neat and unsoiled; it may advance their fortunes in marriage: and who but I their sister should have a care of these things? You yourself, my father, have need of the whitest apparel when you go, as now, to the council."

She used this plea, modestly dissembling her care of her own nuptials to her father; who was not displeased at this instance of his daughter's discretion; for a seasonable care about marriage may be permitted to a young maiden, provided it be accompanied with modesty and dutiful submission to her parents in the choice of her future husband; and there was no fear of Nausicaa choosing wrongly or improperly; for she was as wise as she was beautiful, and the best in all Phæacia were suitors to her for her love. So Alcinous readily gave consent that she should go, ordering mules and a coach to be prepared.

And Nausicaa brought from her chamber all her vestments, and laid them up in the coach; and her mother placed bread and wine in the coach, and oil in a golden cruse, to soften the bright skins of Nausicaa and her maids when they came out of the river.

Nausicaa, making her maids get up into the coach with her, drove the mules, till they brought her to the cisterns which stood a little on the outside of the town, and were supplied with water from the river Callirhoë.

There her attendants unyoked the mules, took out the clothes, and steeped them in the cisterns, washing them in several waters, and afterwards treading them clean with their feet; venturing wagers who should have done soonest and cleanest, and using many pretty pastimes to beguile their labor as young maids use, while the princess looked on. When they had laid their clothes to dry, they fell to playing again; and Nausicaa joined them in a game with the ball, which is used in that country; which is performed by tossing the ball from hand to hand with great expedition, she who begins the pastime singing a song. It chanced that the princess, whose turn it became to toss the ball, sent it so far from its mark, that it fell beyond into one of the cisterns of the river; at which the whole company, in merry consternation, set up a shriek so loud that it waked the sleeping Ulysses, who was taking his rest, after his long toils, in the woods, not far distant from the place where these young maids had come to wash.

At the sound of female voices, Ulysses crept forth from his retirement, making himself a covering with boughs *and leaves* as well as he could to shroud his nakedness.

The sudden appearance of his weather-beaten and almost naked form so frightened the maidens that they scudded away into the woods and all about to hide themselves, only Athene (who had brought about this interview to admirable purposes, by seemingly accidental means) put courage into the breast of Nausicaa, and she stayed where she was, and resolved to know what manner of man he was, and what was the occasion of his strange coming to them.

He, not venturing (for delicacy) to approach and clasp her knees, as suppliants should, but standing far off, addressed this speech to the young princess: —

"Before I presume rudely to press my petitions, I should first ask whether I am addressing a mortal woman, or one of the goddesses. If a goddess, you seem to me to be likest to Diana, the chaste huntress, the daughter of Jove. Like hers are your lineaments, your stature, your features, and air divine."

She making answer that she was no goddess, but a mortal maid, he continued: —

"If a woman, thrice blessed are both the authors of your birth; thrice blessed are your brothers, who even to rapture must have joy in your perfections, to see you grown so like a young tree, and so graceful. But most blessed of all that breathe is he that has the gift to engage your young neck in the yoke of marriage. I never saw that man that was worthy of you. I never saw man or woman that at all parts equalled you. Lately at Delos (where I touched) I saw a young palm which grew beside Apollo's temple; it exceeded all the trees which ever I beheld for straightness and beauty: I can compare you only

to that. A stupor past admiration strikes me, joined with fear, which keeps me back from approaching you, to embrace your knees. Nor is it strange; for one of freshest and firmest spirit would falter, approaching near to so bright an object: but I am one whom a cruel habit of calamity has prepared to receive strong impressions. Twenty days the unrelenting seas have tossed me up and down coming from Ogygia, and at length cast me ship-wrecked last night upon your coast. I have seen no man or woman since I landed but yourself. All that I crave is clothes, which you may spare me, and to be shown the way to some neighboring town. The gods, who have care of strangers, will requite you for these courtesies."

She, admiring to hear such complimentary words proceed out of the mouth of one whose outside looked so rough and unpromising, made answer: "Stranger, I discern neither sloth nor folly in you, and yet I see that you are poor and wretched: from which I gather that neither wisdom nor industry can secure felicity; only Jove bestows it upon whomsoever he pleases. He perhaps has reduced you to this plight. However, since your wanderings have brought you so near to our city, it lies in our duty to supply your wants. Clothes, and what else a human hand should give to one so suppliant, and so tamed with calamity, you shall not want. We will show you our city and tell you the name of our people. This is the land of the Phæacians, of which my father, Alcinous, is king."

Then calling her attendants, who had dispersed on the first sight of Ulysses, she rebuked them for their fear, and said: "This man is no Cyclop, nor monster of sea or land, *that you* should fear him; but he seems manly, staid, and

discreet, and though decayed in his outward appearance, yet he has the mind's riches, wit and fortitude, in abundance. Show him the cisterns, where he may wash him from the sea-weeds and foam that hang about him, and let him have garments that fit him out of those which we have brought with us to the cisterns."

Ulysses, retiring a little out of sight, cleansed him in the cisterns from the soil and impurities with which the rocks and waves had covered all his body; and, clothing himself with befitting raiment, which the princess's attendants had given him, he presented himself in more worthy shape to Nausicaa. She admired to see what a comely personage he was, now he was dressed in all parts; she thought him some king or hero: and secretly wished that the gods would be pleased to give her such a husband.

Then causing her attendants to yoke her mules, and lay up the vestments, which the sun's heat had sufficiently dried, in the coach, she ascended with her maids, and drove off to the palace; bidding Ulysses, as she departed, keep an eye upon the coach, and to follow it on foot at some distance: which she did, because if she had suffered him to have ridden in the coach with her, it might have subjected her to some misconstructions of the common people, who are always ready to vilify and censure their betters, and to suspect that charity is not always pure charity, but that love or some sinister intention lies hid under its disguise. So discreet and attentive to appearance in all her actions was this admirable princess.

Ulysses, as he entered the city, wondered to see its magnificence, its markets, buildings, temples; its walls and rampires,[1] its trade, and resort of men; its harbors for

[1] *rampires*, ramparts.

shipping, which is the strength of the Phæacian state. But when he approached the palace, and beheld its riches, the proportion of its architecture, its avenues, gardens, statues, fountains, he stood rapt in admiration, and almost forgot his own condition in surveying the flourishing estate of others; but recollecting himself, he passed on boldly into the inner apartment, where the king and queen were sitting at dinner with their peers, Nausicaa having prepared them for his approach.

To them humbly kneeling, he made it his request that, since fortune had cast him naked upon their shores, they would take him into their protection, and grant him a conveyance by one of the ships of which their great Phæacian state had such good store, to carry him to his own country. Having delivered his request, to grace it with more humility he went and sat himself down upon the hearth among the ashes, as the custom was in those days when any would make a petition to the throne.

He seemed a petitioner of so great state and of so superior a deportment that Alcinous himself arose to do him honor, and causing him to leave that abject station which he had assumed, placed him next to his throne, upon a chair of state, and thus he spake to his peers: —

"Lords and councillors of Phæacia, ye see this man, who he is we know not, that is come to us in the guise of a petitioner: he seems no mean one; but whoever he is, it is fit, since the gods have cast him upon our protection, that we grant him the rites of hospitality while he stays with us; and at his departure a ship well manned to convey so worthy a personage as he seems to be, in a manner

This counsel the peers with one consent approved; and wine and meat being set before Ulysses, he ate and drank, and gave the gods thanks who had stirred up the royal bounty of Alcinous to aid him in that extremity. But not as yet did he reveal to the king and queen who he was, or whence he had come; only in brief terms he related his being cast upon their shores, his sleep in the woods, and his meeting with the princess Nausicaa, whose generosity, mingled with discretion, filled her parents with delight, as Ulysses in eloquent phrases adorned and commended her virtues. But Alcinous, humanely considering that, in consequence of the troubles which his guest had undergone, he required rest, as well as refreshment by food, dismissed him early in the evening to his chamber; where in a magnificent apartment Ulysses found a smoother bed, but not a sounder repose, than he had enjoyed the night before, sleeping upon leaves which he had scraped together in his necessity.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SONGS OF DEMODOCUS. — THE CONVOY HOME. — THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO STONE. — THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.

WHEN it was daylight, Alcinous caused it to be proclaimed by the heralds about the town that there was come to the palace a stranger, shipwrecked on their coast, that in mien and person resembled a god; and he invited all the chief people of the city to come and do honor to the stranger.

The palace was quickly filled with guests, old and young, for whose cheer, and to grace Ulysses more, Alcin-

ous made a kingly feast, with banquetings and music. Then, Ulysses being seated at a table next the king and queen, in all men's view, after they had feasted Alcinous ordered Demodocus, the court-singer, to be called to sing some song of the deeds of heroes, to charm the ear of his guest. Demodocus came and reached his harp, where it hung between two pillars of silver; and then the blind singer, to whom, in recompense of his lost sight, the Muses had given an inward discernment, a soul and a voice to excite the hearts of men and gods to delight, began in grave and solemn strains to sing the glories of men highliest famed. He chose a poem whose subject was the stern strife stirred up between Ulysses and great Achilles, as at a banquet sacred to the gods, in dreadful language, they expressed their difference; while Agamemnon sat rejoiced in soul to hear those Grecians jar; for the oracle in Pytho had told him that the period[1] of their wars in Troy should then be, when the kings of Greece, anxious to arrive at the wished conclusion, should fall to strife, and contend which must end the war, force or stratagem.

This brave contention he expressed so to the life, in the very words which they both used in the quarrel, as brought tears into the eyes of Ulysses at the remembrance of past passages of his life; and he held his large purple weed[2] before his face to conceal it. Then craving a cup of wine, he poured it out in secret libation to the gods, who had put into the mind of Demodocus unknowingly to do him so much honor. But when the moving poet began to tell of other occurrences where Ulysses had been present, the memory of his brave followers who had been with him in

[1] *period*, limit, end. [2] *weed*, cloak.

all difficulties, now swallowed up and lost in the ocean, and of those kings that had fought with him at Troy, some of whom were dead, some exiles like himself, forced itself so strongly upon his mind that, forgetful where he was, he sobbed outright with passion: which yet he restrained, but not so cunningly but Alcinous perceived it, and without taking notice of it to Ulysses, privately gave signs that Demodocus should cease from his singing.

Next followed dancing in the Phæacian fashion, when they would show respect to their guests; which was succeeded by trials of skill, games of strength, running, racing, hurling of the quoit, mock fights, hurling of the javelin, shooting with the bow: in some of which Ulysses modestly challenging his entertainers, performed such feats of strength and prowess as gave the admiring Phæacians fresh reason to imagine that he was either some god, or hero of the race of the gods.

These solemn shows and pageants in honor of his guest king Alcinous continued for the space of many days, as if he could never be weary of showing courtesies to so worthy a stranger. In all this time he never asked him his name, nor sought to know more of him than he of his own accord disclosed; till on a day as they were seated feasting, after the feast was ended, Demodocus being called, as was the custom, to sing some grave matter, sang how Ulysses, on that night when Troy was fired, made dreadful proof of his valor, maintaining singly a combat against the whole household of Deiphobus; to which the divine expresser gave both act and passion, and breathed such a fire into Ulysses's deeds, that it inspired old death with life in the lively expressing of slaughters, and rendered life so sweet

and passionate in the hearers that all who heard felt it fleet from them in the narration: which made Ulysses even pity his own slaughterous deeds, and feel touches of remorse, to see how song can revive a dead man from the grave, yet no way can it defend a living man from death; and in imagination he underwent some part of death's horrors, and felt in his living body a taste of those dying pangs which he had dealt to others, that with the strong conceit, tears (the true interpreters of unutterable emotion) stood in his eyes.

Which king Alcinous noting, and that this was now the second time that he had perceived him to be moved at the mention of events touching the Trojan wars, he took occasion to ask whether his guest had lost any friend or kinsman at Troy, that Demodocus's singing had brought into his mind. Then Ulysses, drying the tears with his cloak, and observing that the eyes of all the company were upon him, desirous to give them satisfaction in what he could, and thinking this a fit time to reveal his true name and destination, spake as follows: —

"The courtesies which ye all have shown me, and in particular yourself and princely daughter, O king Alcinous, demand from me that I should no longer keep you in ignorance of what or who I am; for to reserve any secret from you, who have with such openness of friendship embraced my love, would argue either a pusillanimous or an ungrateful mind in me. Know, then, that I am that Ulysses, of whom I perceive ye have heard something; who heretofore have filled the world with the renown of my policies. I am he by whose *counsels, if Fame* is to be believed at all, more than

by the united valor of all the Grecians, Troy fell. I am that unhappy man whom the heavens and angry gods have conspired to keep an exile on the seas, wandering to seek my home, which still flies from me. The land which I am in quest of is Ithaca; in whose ports some ship belonging to your navigation-famed Phæacian state may haply at some time have found a refuge from tempests. If ever you have experienced such kindness, requite it now, by granting to me, who am the king of that land, a passport to that land."

Admiration seized all the court of Alcinous to behold in their presence one of the number of those heroes who fought at Troy, whose divine story had been made known to them by songs and poems, but of the truth they had little known, or rather they had hitherto accounted those heroic exploits as fictions and exaggerations of poets; but having seen and made proof of the real Ulysses, they began to take those supposed inventions to be real verities, and the tale of Troy to be as true as it was delightful.

Then king Alcinous made answer: "Thrice fortunate ought we to esteem our lot in having seen and conversed with a man of whom report hath spoken so loudly, but, as it seems, nothing beyond the truth. Though we could desire no felicity greater than to have you always among us, renowned Ulysses, yet your desire having been expressed so often and so deeply to return home, we can deny you nothing, though to our own loss. Our kingdom of Phæacia, as you know, is chiefly rich in shipping. In all parts of the world, where there are navigable seas, or ships can pass, our vessels will be

found. You cannot name a coast to which they do not resort. Every rock and every quicksand is known to them that lurks in the vast deep. They pass a bird in flight; and with such unerring certainty they make to their destination that some have said that they have no need of pilot or rudder, but that they move instinctively, self-directed, and know the minds of their voyagers. Thus much, that you may not fear to trust yourself in one of our Phæacian ships. To-morrow, if you please, you shall launch forth. To-day spend with us in feasting, who never can do enough when the gods send such visitors."

Ulysses acknowledged king Alcinous's bounty; and while these two royal personages stood interchanging courteous expressions, the heart of the princess Nausicaa was overcome: she had been gazing attentively upon her father's guest as he delivered his speech; but when he came to that part where he declared himself to be Ulysses, she blessed herself and her fortune that in relieving a poor shipwrecked mariner, as he seemed no better, she had conferred a kindness on so divine a hero as he proved; and scarce waiting till her father had done speaking, with a cheerful countenance she addressed Ulysses, bidding him be cheerful, and when he returned home, as by her father's means she trusted he would shortly, sometimes to remember to whom he owed his life, and who met him in the woods by the river Callirhoë.

"Fair flower of Phæacia," he replied, "so may all the gods bless me with the strife of joys in that desired day, *whenever I shall* see it, as I shall always acknowledge

to be indebted to your fair hand for the gift of life which I enjoy, and all the blessings which shall follow upon my home-return. The gods give thee, Nausicaa, a princely husband; and from you two spring blessings to this state." So prayed Ulysses, his heart overflowing with admiration and grateful recollections of king Alcinous's daughter.

Then at the king's request he gave them a brief relation of all the adventures that had befallen him since he launched forth from Troy; during which the princess Nausicaa took great delight (as ladies are commonly taken with these kind of travellers' stories) to hear of the monster Polyphemus, of the men that devour each other in Læstrygonia, of the enchantress Circe, of Scylla, and the rest; to which she listened with a breathless attention, letting fall a shower of tears from her fair eyes every now and then, when Ulysses told of some more than usual distressful passage in his travels; and all the rest of his auditors, if they had before entertained a high respect for their guest, now felt their veneration increased tenfold, when they learned from his own mouth what perils, what sufferance, what endurance, of evils beyond man's strength to support, this much-sustaining, almost heavenly man, by the greatness of his mind and by his invincible courage, had struggled through.

The night was far spent before Ulysses had ended his narrative, and with wishful glances he cast his eyes towards the eastern parts, which the sun had begun to flecker with his first red; for on the morrow Alcinous had promised that a bark should be in readiness to convoy him to Ithaca.

In the morning a vessel well manned and appointed was

waiting for him; into which the king and queen heaped presents of gold and silver, massy plate, apparel, armor, and whatsoever things of cost or rarity they judged would be most acceptable to their guest; and the sails being set, Ulysses, embarking with expressions of regret, took his leave of his royal entertainers, of the fair princess (who had been his first friend), and of the peers of Phæacia; who, crowding down to the beach to have the last sight of their illustrious visitant, beheld the gallant ship with all her canvas spread, bounding and curvetting over the waves, like a horse proud of his rider, or as if she knew that in her rich freightage she bore Ulysses.

He whose life past had been a series of disquiets, in seas among rude waves, in battles amongst ruder foes, now slept securely, forgetting all; his eyelids bound in such deep sleep as only yielded to death; and when they reached the nearest Ithacan port by the next morning, he was still asleep. The mariners, not willing to awake him, landed him softly, and laid him in a cave at the foot of an olive tree, which made a shady recess in that narrow harbor, the haunt of almost none but the sea-nymphs, which are called Naiads; few ships before this Phæacian vessel having put into that haven, by reason of the difficulty and narrowness of the entrance. Here leaving him asleep, and disposing in safe places near him the presents with which king Alcinous had dismissed him, they departed for Phæacia, where these wretched mariners never again set foot; but just as they arrived, and thought to salute their country earth, in sight of their city's turrets, and in open view of their friends who from the harbor *with shouts* greeted their return, their vessel and all the

mariners which were in her were turned to stone, and stood transformed and fixed in sight of the whole Phæacian city, where it yet stands, by Neptune's vindictive wrath; who resented thus highly the contempt which those Phæacians had shown in convoying home a man whom the god had destined to destruction. Whence it comes to pass that the Phæacians at this day will at no price be induced to lend their ships to strangers, or to become the carriers for other nations, so highly do they still dread the displeasure of the sea-god, while they see that terrible monument ever in sight.

When Ulysses awoke, which was not till some time after the mariners had departed, he did not at first know his country again, either that long absence had made it strange, or that Athene (which was more likely) had cast a cloud about his eyes, that he should have greater pleasure hereafter in discovering his mistake; but like a man suddenly awaking in some desert isle, to which his sea-mates have transported him in his sleep, he looked around, and discerning no known objects, he cast his hands to heaven for pity, and complained on those ruthless men who had beguiled him with a promise of conveying him home to his country, and perfidiously left him to perish in an unknown land. But then the rich presents of gold and silver given him by Alcinous, which he saw carefully laid up in secure places near him, staggered him: which seemed not like the act of wrongful or unjust men, such as turn pirates for gain, or land helpless passengers in remote coasts to possess themselves of their goods.

While he remained in this suspense, there came up to him a young shepherd, clad in the finer sort of apparel,

such as kings' sons wore in those days when princes did not disdain to tend sheep; who, accosting him, was saluted again by Ulysses, who asked him what country that was on which he had been just landed, and whether it were part of a continent, or an island. The young shepherd made show of wonder to hear any one ask the name of that land; as country people are apt to esteem those for mainly ignorant and barbarous who do not know the names of places which are familiar to them, though perhaps they who ask have had no opportunities of knowing, and may have come from far countries.

"I had thought," said he, "that all people knew our land. It is rocky and barren, to be sure; but well enough: it feeds a goat or an ox well; it is not wanting either in wine or in wheat; it has good springs of water, some fair rivers; and wood enough, as you may see: it is called Ithaca."

Ulysses was joyed enough to find himself in his own country; but so prudently he carried his joy, that, dissembling his true name and quality, he pretended to the shepherd that he was only some foreigner who by stress of weather had put into that port; and framed on the sudden a story to make it plausible, how he had come from Crete in a ship of Phæacia; when the young shepherd, laughing, and taking Ulysses's hand in both his, said to him: "He must be cunning, I find, who thinks to overreach you. What, cannot you quit your wiles and your subtleties, now that you are in a state of security? must the first word with which you salute your native earth be an untruth? and think you that you are unknown?"

Ulysses looked again; and he saw, not a shepherd, but

a beautiful woman, whom he immediately knew to be the goddess Athene, that in the wars of Troy had frequently vouchsafed her sight to him; and had been with him since in perils, saving him unseen.

"Let not my ignorance offend thee, great Athene," he cried, "or move thy displeasure, that in that shape I knew thee not; since the skill of discerning deities is not attainable by wit or study, but hard to be hit by the wisest of mortals. To know thee truly through all thy changes is only given to those whom thou art pleased to grace. To all men thou takest all likenesses. All men in their wits think that they know thee, and that they have thee. Thou art Wisdom itself. But a semblance of thee, which is false wisdom, often is taken for thee; so thy counterfeit view appears to many, but thy true presence to few: those are they which, loving thee above all, are inspired with light from thee to know thee. But this I surely know, that all the time the sons of Greece waged war against Troy, I was sundry times graced with thy appearance; but since, I have never been able to set eyes upon thee till now; but have wandered at my own discretion, to myself a blind guide, erring up and down the world, wanting thee."

Then Athene cleared his eyes, and he knew the ground on which he stood to be Ithaca, and that cave to be the same which the people of Ithaca had in former times made sacred to the sea-nymphs, and where he himself had done sacrifices to them a thousand times; and full in his view stood Mount Nerytus with all his woods: so that now he knew for a certainty that he was arrived in his own country; and with the delight which he felt, he could not forbear *stooping* down and kissing the soil.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHANGE FROM A KING TO A BEGGAR. — EUMÆUS AND THE HERDSMEN. — TELEMACHUS.

NOT long did Athene suffer him to indulge vain transports; but briefly recounting to him the events which had taken place in Ithaca during his absence, she showed him that his way to his wife and throne did not lie so open, but that before he were reinstated in the secure possession of them he must encounter many difficulties. His palace, wanting its king, was become the resort of insolent and imperious men, the chief nobility of Ithaca and of the neighboring isles, who, in the confidence of Ulysses being dead, came as suitors to Penelope. The queen (it was true) continued single, but was little better than a state-prisoner in the power of these men, who, under a pretence of waiting her decision, occupied the king's house rather as owners than guests, lording and domineering at their pleasure, profaning the palace and wasting the royal substance with their feasts and mad riots. Moreover, the goddess told him how, fearing the attempts of these lawless men upon the person of his young son Telemachus, she herself had put it into the heart of the prince to go and seek his father in far countries; how in the shape of Mentor she had borne him company in his long search; which, though failing, as she meant it should fail, in its first object, had yet had this effect, that through hardships he had learned endurance, through experience he had gathered wisdom, and wherever his footsteps had been he *had left such* memorials of his worth, that the fame of Ulys-

ses's son was already blown throughout the world; that it was now not many days since Telemachus had arrived in the island, to the great joy of the queen his mother, who had thought him dead, by reason of his long absence, and had begun to mourn for him with a grief equal to that which she endured for Ulysses: the goddess herself having so ordered the course of his adventures that the time of his return should correspond with the return of Ulysses, that they might together concert measures how to repress the power and insolence of those wicked suitors. This the goddess told him; but of the particulars of his son's adventures, of his having been detained in the Delightful Island, which his father had so lately left, of Calypso and her nymphs, and the many strange occurrences which may be read with profit and delight in the history of the prince's adventures, she forbore to tell him as yet, judging that he would hear them with greater pleasure from the lips of his son, when he should have him in an hour of stillness and safety, when their work should be done, and none of their enemies left alive to trouble them.

Then they sat down, the goddess and Ulysses, at the foot of a wild olive-tree, consulting how they might with safety bring about his restoration. And when Ulysses revolved in his mind how that his enemies were a multitude, and he single, he began to despond, and he said, "I shall die an ill death like Agamemnon; in the threshold of my own house I shall perish, like that unfortunate monarch, slain by some one of my wife's suitors." But then again calling to mind his ancient courage, he secretly wished that Athene would but breathe such a spirit into his bosom as she had inflamed him with in the hour of Troy's destruc-

tion, that he might encounter with three hundred of those impudent suitors at once, and strew the pavements of his beautiful palace with their bodies.

And Athene knew his thoughts, and she said, "I will be strongly with thee, if thou fail not to do thy part. And for a sign between us that I will perform my promise, and for a token on thy part of obedience, I must change thee, that thy person may not be known of men."

Then Ulysses bowed his head to receive the divine impression, and Athene by her great power changed his person so that it might not be known. She changed him to appearance into a very old man, yet such a one as by his limbs and gait seemed to have been some considerable person in his time, and to retain yet some remains of his once prodigious strength. Also, instead of those rich robes in which king Alcinous had clothed him, she threw over his limbs such old and tattered rags as wandering beggars usually wear. A staff supported his steps, and a scrip hung to his back, such as travelling mendicants use to hold the scraps which are given to them at rich men's doors. So from a king he became a beggar, as wise Tiresias had predicted to him in the shades.

To complete his humiliation, and to prove his obedience by suffering, she next directed him in this beggarly attire to go and present himself to his old herdsman, Eumæus, who had the care of his swine and his cattle, and had been a faithful steward to him all the time of his absence. Then strictly charging Ulysses that he should reveal himself to no man but to his own son, whom she would send to him when she saw occasion, the goddess went her way.

The transformed Ulysses bent his course to the cottage

of the herdsman; and, entering in at the front court, the dogs, of which Eumæus kept many fierce ones for the protection of the cattle, flew with open mouths upon him, as those ignoble animals have often-times an antipathy to the sight of anything like a beggar, and would have rent him in pieces with their teeth, if Ulysses had not had the prudence to let fall his staff, which had chiefly provoked their fury, and sat himself down in a careless fashion upon the ground; but for all that some serious hurt had certainly been done to him, so raging the dogs were, had not the herdsman, whom the barking of the dogs had fetched out of the house, with shouting and with throwing of stones repressed them.

He said, when he saw Ulysses, "Old father, how near you were to being torn in pieces by these rude dogs! I should never have forgiven myself, if through neglect of mine any hurt had happened to you. But heaven has given me so many cares to my portion that I might well be excused for not attending to everything: while here I lie grieving and mourning for the absence of that majesty which once ruled here, and am forced to fatten his swine and his cattle for food to evil men, who hate him and who wish his death; when he perhaps strays up and down the world, and has not wherewith to appease hunger, if indeed he yet lives (which is a question) and enjoys the cheerful light of the sun." This he said, little thinking that he of whom he spoke now stood before him, and that in that uncouth disguise and beggarly obscurity was present the hidden majesty of Ulysses.

Then he had his guest into the house, and set meat and drink before him; and Ulysses said, "May Jove and

all the other gods requite you for the kind speeches and hospitable usage which you have shown me!"

Eumæus made answer, "My poor guest, if one in much worse plight than yourself had arrived here, it were a shame to such scanty means as I have, if I had let him depart without entertaining him to the best of my ability. Poor men, and such as have no houses of their own, are by Jove himself recommended to our care. But the cheer which we that are servants to other men have to bestow is but sorry at most, yet freely and lovingly I give it you. Indeed, there once ruled here a man, whose return the gods have set their faces against, who, if he had been suffered to reign in peace and grow old among us, would have been kind to me and mine. But he is gone; and for his sake would to God that the whole posterity of Helen might perish with her, since in her quarrel so many worthies have perished! But such as your fare is, eat it, and be welcome — such lean beasts as are food for poor herdsmen. The fattest go to feed the voracious stomachs of the queen's suitors. Shame on their unworthiness! There is no day in which two or three of the noblest of the herd are not slain to support their feasts and their surfeits."

Ulysses gave good ear to his words; and as he ate his meat, he even tore it and rent it with his teeth, for mere vexation that his fat cattle should be slain to glut the appetites of those godless suitors. And he said, "What chief or what ruler is this that thou commendest so highly, and sayest that he perished at Troy? I am but a stranger in these parts. It may be I have heard of *some such in my* long travels."

Eumæus answered, "Old father, never any one of all the strangers that have come to our coast with news of Ulysses being alive could gain credit with the queen or her son yet. These travellers, to get raiment or a meal, will not stick to invent any lie. Truth is not the commodity they deal in. Never did the queen get anything of them but lies. She receives all that come graciously, hears their stories, inquires all she can, but all ends in tears and dissatisfaction. But in God's name, old father, if you have got a tale, make the most on't, it may gain you a cloak or a coat from somebody to keep you warm; but for him who is the subject of it, dogs and vultures long since have torn him limb from limb, or some great fish at sea has devoured him, or he lieth with no better monument upon his bones than the sea-sand. But for me past all the race of men were tears created; for I never shall find so kind a royal master more; not if my father or my mother could come again and visit me from the tomb, would my eyes be so blessed, as they should be with the sight of him again, coming as from the dead. In his last rest my soul shall love him. He is not here, nor do I name him as a flatterer, but because I am thankful for his love and care which he had to me a poor man; and if I knew surely that he were past all shores that the sun shines upon, I would invoke him as a deified thing."

For this saying of Eumæus the waters stood in Ulysses's eyes, and he said, "My friend, to say and to affirm positively that he cannot be alive is to give too much license to incredulity. For, not to speak at random, but with as much solemnity as an oath comes to, I say to you that

Ulysses shall return; and whenever that day shall be, then shall you give to me a cloak and a coat; but till then, I will not receive so much as a thread of a garment, but rather go naked; for no less than the gates of hell do I hate that man whom poverty can force to tell an untruth. Be Jove then witness to my words, that this very year, nay, ere this month be fully ended, your eyes shall behold Ulysses, dealing vengeance in his own palace upon the wrongers of his wife and his son."

To give the better credence to his words, he amused Eumæus with a forged story of his life; feigning of himself that he was a Cretan born, and one that went with Idomeneus to the wars of Troy. Also he said that he knew Ulysses, and related various passages which he alleged to have happened betwixt Ulysses and himself; which were either true in the main, as having really happened between Ulysses and some other person, or were so like to truth, as corresponding with the known character and actions of Ulysses, that Eumæus's incredulity was not a little shaken. Among other things, he asserted that he had lately been entertained in the court of Thesprotia, where the king's son of the country had told him that Ulysses had been there but just before him, and was gone upon a voyage to the oracle of Jove in Dodona, whence he should shortly return, and a ship would be ready by the bounty of the Thesprotians to convoy him straight to Ithaca: "And in token that what I tell you is true," said Ulysses, "if your king come not within the period which I have named, you shall have leave to give your servants commandment to take my old carcass, and throw it headlong from some steep rock into the sea, that poor men,

taking example by me, may fear to lie." But Eumæus made answer that that should be small satisfaction or pleasure to him.

So while they sat discoursing in this manner, supper was served in, and the servants of the herdsman, who had been out all day in the fields, came in to supper, and took their seats at the fire, for the night was bitter and frosty. After supper, Ulysses, who had well eaten and drunken, and was refreshed with the herdsman's good cheer, was resolved to try whether his host's hospitality would extend to the lending him a good warm mantle or rug to cover him in the night season; and framing an artful tale for the purpose, in a merry mood, filling a cup of Greek wine, he thus began:

"I will tell you a story of your king Ulysses and myself. If there is ever a time when a man may have leave to tell his own stories, it is when he has drunken too much. Strong liquor driveth the fool, and moves even the heart of the wise, moves and impels him to sing and to dance, and break forth in pleasant laughters, and perchance to prefer a speech too which were better kept in. When the heart is open, the tongue will be stirring. But you shall hear. We led our powers to ambush once under the walls of Troy."

The herdsmen crowded about him eager to hear anything which related to their king Ulysses and the wars of Troy, and thus he went on:

"I remember, Ulysses and Menelaus had the direction of that enterprise, and they were pleased to join me with them in the command. I was at that time in some repute among men, though fortune has played me a trick since,

as you may perceive. But I was somebody in those times, and could do something. Be that as it may, a bitter freezing night it was, such a night as this; the air cut like steel, and the sleet gathered on our shields like crystal. There were some twenty of us, that lay close crouched down among the reeds and bulrushes that grew in the moat that goes round the city. The rest of us made tolerable shift, for every man had been careful to bring with him a good cloak or mantle to wrap over his armor and keep himself warm; but I, as it chanced, had left my cloak behind me, as not expecting that the night would prove so cold; or rather I believe because I had at that time a brave suit of new armor on, which, being a soldier, and having some of the soldier's vice about me — vanity — I was not willing should be hidden under a cloak; but I paid for my indiscretion with my sufferings, for with the inclement night, and the wet of the ditch in which we lay, I was well-nigh frozen to death; and when I could endure no longer, I jogged Ulysses who was next to me, and had a nimble ear, and made known my case to him, assuring him that I must inevitably perish. He answered in a low whisper, 'Hush, lest any Greek should hear you, and take notice of your softness.' Not a word more he said, but showed as if he had no pity for the plight I was in. But he was as considerate as he was brave; and even then, as he lay with his head reposing upon his hand, he was meditating how to relieve me, without exposing my weakness to the soldiers. At last, raising up his head, he made as if he had been asleep, and said, 'Friends, I have been warned in a dream to send to the fleet to king Agamemnon for a *supply, to recruit* our numbers, for we are not sufficient

for this enterprise'; and they believing him, one Thoas was despatched on that errand, who departing, for more speed, as Ulysses had foreseen, left his upper garment behind him, a good warm mantle, to which I succeeded, and by the help of it got through the night with credit. This shift Ulysses made for one in need, and would to heaven that I had now that strength in my limbs which made me in those days to be accounted fit to be a leader under Ulysses! I should not then want the loan of a cloak or a mantle, to wrap about me and shield my old limbs from the night air."

The tale pleased the herdsmen; and Eumæus, who more than all the rest was gratified to hear tales of Ulysses, true or false, said that for his story he deserved a mantle, and a night's lodging, which he should have; and he spread for him a bed of goat and sheep skins by the fire; and the seeming beggar, who was indeed the true Ulysses, lay down and slept under that poor roof, in that abject disguise to which the will of Athene had subjected him.

When morning was come, Ulysses made offer to depart, as if he were not willing to burden his host's hospitality any longer, but said that he would go and try the humanity of the townsfolk, if any there would bestow upon him a bit of bread or a cup of drink. Perhaps the queen's suitors, he said, out of their full feasts, would bestow a scrap on him; for he could wait at table, if need were, and play the nimble serving-man; he could fetch wood, he said, or build a fire, prepare roast meat or boiled, mix the wine with water, or do any of those offices which recommended poor men like him to services in great men's hou[redacted]

"Alas! poor guest," said Eumæus, "you know not what you speak. What should so poor and old a man as you do at the suitors' tables? Their light minds are not given to such grave servitors. They must have youths, richly tricked out in flowing vests, with curled hair, like so many of Jove's cup-bearers, to fill out the wine to them as they sit at table, and to shift their trenchers. Their gorged insolence would but despise and make a mock at thy age. Stay here. Perhaps the queen, or Telemachus, hearing of thy arrival, may send to thee of their bounty."

As he spake these words, the steps of one crossing the front court were heard, and a noise of the dogs fawning and leaping about as for joy; by which token Eumæus guessed that it was the prince, who, hearing of a traveller being arrived at Eumæus's cottage that brought tidings of his father, was come to search the truth; and Eumæus said, "It is the tread of Telemachus, the son of king Ulysses." Before he could well speak the words, the prince was at the door, whom Ulysses rising to receive, Telemachus would not suffer that so aged a man, as he appeared, should rise to do respect to him, but he courteously and reverently took him by the hand, and inclined his head to him, as if he had surely known that it was his father indeed; but Ulysses covered his eyes with his hands, that he might not show the waters which stood in them. And Telemachus said, "Is this the man who can tell us tidings of the king my father?"

"He brags himself to be a Cretan born," said Eumæus, "and that he has been a soldier and a traveller, but whether *he speak the* truth or not he alone can tell. But what-

soever he has been, what he is now is apparent. Such as he appears, I give him to you; do what you will with him; his boast at present is that he is at the very best a supplicant."

"Be he what he may," said Telemachus, "I accept him at your hands. But where I should bestow him I know not, seeing that in the palace his age would not exempt him from the scorn and contempt which my mother's suitors in their light minds would be sure to fling upon him: a mercy if he escaped without blows; for they are a company of evil men, whose profession is wrongs and violence."

Ulysses answered: "Since it is free for any man to speak in presence of your greatness, I must say that my heart puts on a wolfish inclination to tear and to devour, hearing your speech, that these suitors should with such injustice rage, where you should have the rule solely. What should the cause be? Do you wilfully give way to their ill manners? Or has your government been such as has procured ill-will towards you from your people? Or do you mistrust your kinsfolk and friends in such sort, as, without trial, to decline their aid? A man's kindred are they that he might trust to when extremities run high."

Telemachus replied, "The kindred of Ulysses are few. I have no brothers to assist me in the strife; but the suitors are powerful in kindred and friends. The house of old Arcesius has had this fate from the heavens, that from old it still has been supplied with single heirs. To Arcesius, Laertes only was born; from Laertes descended only Ulysses; from Ulysses I alone have sprung, whom he left so young that from me never comfort arose to him. But the end of all rests in the hands of the gods."

Then Eumæus departing to see to some necessary business of his herds, Athene took a woman's shape, and stood in the entry of the door, and was seen to Ulysses, but by his son she was not seen, for the presences of the gods are invisible save to those to whom they will to reveal themselves. Nevertheless, the dogs which were about the door saw the goddess, and durst not bark, but went crouching and licking of the dust for fear. And giving signs to Ulysses that the time was now come in which he should make himself known to his son, by her great power she changed back his shape into the same which it was before she transformed him; and Telemachus, who saw the change, but nothing of the manner by which it was effected, only he saw the appearance of a king in the vigor of his age where but just now he had seen a worn and decrepit beggar, was struck with fear, and said, "Some god has done this house this honor," and he turned away his eyes, and would have worshipped. But his father permitted not, but said, "Look better at me. I am no deity, why put you upon me the reputation of godhead? I am no more but thy father: I am even he. I am that Ulysses by reason of whose absence thy youth has been exposed to such wrongs from injurious men." Then kissed he his son, nor could any longer refrain those tears which he had held under such mighty restraint before, though they would ever be forcing themselves out in spite of him; but now, as if their sluices had burst, they came out like rivers, pouring upon the warm cheeks of his son. Nor yet by all these violent arguments could Telemachus be persuaded to believe that it was his father, but he said *some deity* had taken that shape to mock him; for he

affirmed that it was not in the power of any man, who is sustained by mortal food, to change his shape so in a moment from age to youth: "for but now," said he, "you were all wrinkles, and were old, and now you look as the gods are pictured."

His father replied: "Admire, but fear not, and know me to be at all parts substantially thy father, who in the inner powers of his mind, and the unseen workings of a father's love to thee, answers to his outward shape and pretence! There shall no more Ulysseses come here. I am he that after twenty years' absence, and suffering a world of ill, have recovered at last the sight of my country earth. It was the will of Athene that I should be changed as you saw me. She put me thus together; she puts together or takes to pieces whom she pleases. It is in the law of her free power to do it: sometimes to show her favorites under a cloud, and poor, and again to restore to them their ornaments. The gods raise and throw down men with ease."

Then Telemachus could hold out no longer, but he gave way now to a full belief and persuasion of that which for joy at first he could not credit, that it was indeed his true and very father that stood before him; and they embraced, and mingled their tears.

Then said Ulysses, "Tell me who these suitors are, what are their numbers, and how stands the queen thy mother affected to them?"

"She bears them still in expectation," said Telemachus, "which she never means to fulfil, that she will accept the hand of some one of them in second nuptials; for she fears to displease them by an absolute refusal. So from

day to day she lingers them on with hope, which they are content to bear the deferring of, while they have entertainment at free cost in our palace."

Then said Ulysses, "Reckon up their numbers that we may know their strength and ours, if we having none but ourselves may hope to prevail against them."

"O father," he replied, "I have oft-times heard of your fame for wisdom, and of the great strength of your arm, but the venturous mind which your speeches now indicate moves me even to amazement: for in nowise can it consist with wisdom or a sound mind that two should try their strengths against a host. Nor five, or ten, or twice ten strong are these suitors, but many more by much: from Dulichium came there fifty and two, they and their servants; twice twelve crossed the seas hither from Samos; from Zacynthus twice ten; of our native Ithacans, men of chief note, are twelve who aspire to the crown of Penelope; and all these under one strong roof — a fearful odds against two! My father, there is need of caution, lest the cup which your great mind so thirsts to taste of vengeance prove bitter to yourself in the drinking. And therefore it were well that we should bethink us of some one who might assist us in this undertaking."

"Thinkest thou," said his father, "if we had Athene and the king of skies to be our friends, would their sufficiencies make strong our part; or must we look out for some further aid yet?"

"They you speak of are above the clouds," said Telemachus, "and are sound aids indeed; as powers that not only exceed human, but bear the chiefest sway among the *gods themselves*."

Then Ulysses gave directions to his son to go and mingle with the suitors, and in nowise to impart his secret to any, not even to the queen his mother, but to hold himself in readiness, and to have his weapons and his good armor in preparation. And he charged him that when he himself should come to the palace, as he meant to follow shortly after, and present himself in his beggar's likeness to the suitors, that whatever he should see which might grieve his heart, with what foul usage and contumelious language soever the suitors should receive his father, coming in that shape, though they should strike and drag him by the heels along the floors, that he should not stir nor make offer to oppose them, further than by mild words to expostulate with them, until Athene from heaven should give the sign which should be the prelude to their destruction. And Telemachus, promising to obey his instructions, departed; and the shape of Ulysses fell to what it had been before, and he became to all outward appearance a beggar, in base and beggarly attire.

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUEEN'S SUITORS. — THE BATTLE OF THE BEGGARS. — THE ARMOR TAKEN DOWN. — THE MEETING WITH PENELOPE.

FROM the house of Eumæus the seeming beggar took his way, leaning on his staff, till he reached the palace, entering in at the hall where the suitors sat at meat. They in the pride of their feasting began to break their jests in mirthful manner, when they saw one looking so poor and so aged approach. He, who expected no better entertain-

ment, was nothing moved at their behavior; but, as became the character which he had assumed, in a suppliant posture crept by turns to every suitor, and held out his hands for some charity, with such a natural and beggar-resembling grace that he might seem to have practised begging all his life; yet there was a sort of dignity in his most abject stoopings, that whoever had seen him would have said, "If it had pleased heaven that this poor man had been born a king, he would gracefully have filled a throne." And some pitied him, and some gave him alms, as their present humors inclined them; but the greater part reviled him, and bade him begone, as one that spoiled their feast; for the presence of misery has this power with it, that, while it stays, it can dash and overturn the mirth even of those who feel no pity or wish to relieve it: Nature bearing this witness of herself in the hearts of the most obdurate.

Now Telemachus sat at meat with the suitors, and knew that it was the king his father who in that shape begged an alms; and when his father came and presented himself before him in turn, as he had done to the suitors one by one, he gave him of his own meat which he had in his dish, and of his own cup to drink. And the suitors were past measure offended to see a pitiful beggar, as they esteemed him, to be so choicely regarded by the prince.

Then Antinous, who was a great lord, and of chief note among the suitors, said, "Prince Telemachus does ill to encourage these wandering beggars, who go from place to place, affirming that they have been some considerable persons in their time, filling the ears of such as hearken to them with lies, and pressing with their bold feet into *kings' palaces*. This is some saucy vagabond, some trav-

"I see," said Ulysses, "that a poor man should get but little at your board; scarce should he get salt from your hands, if he brought his own meat."

Lord Antinous, indignant to be answered with such sharpness by a supposed beggar, snatched up a stool, with which he smote Ulysses where the neck and shoulders join. This usage moved not Ulysses; but in his great heart he meditated deep evils to come upon them all, which for a time must be kept close, and he went and sat himself down in the doorway to eat of that which was given him; and he said, "For life or possessions a man will fight, but for his belly this man smites. If a poor man has any god to take his part, my lord Antinous shall not live to be the queen's husband."

Then Antinous raged highly, and threatened to drag him by the heels, and to rend his rags about his ears, if he spoke another word.

But the other suitors did in nowise approve of the harsh language, nor of the blow which Antinous had dealt; and some of them said, "Who knows but one of the deities goes about hid under that poor disguise? for in the likeness of poor pilgrims the gods have many times descended to try the dispositions of men, whether they be humane or impious." While these things passed, Telemachus sat and observed all, but held his peace, remembering the instructions of his father. But secretly he waited for the sign which Athene was to send from heaven.

That day there followed Ulysses to the court one of the common sort of beggars, Irus by name, one that had received alms beforetime of the suitors, and was their ordinary sport, when they were inclined, as that day, to give.

way to mirth, to see him eat and drink; for he had the appetite of six men, and was of huge stature and proportions of body; yet had in him no spirit nor courage of a man. This man, thinking to curry favor with the suitors, and recommend himself especially to such a great lord as Antinous was, began to revile and scorn Ulysses, putting foul language upon him, and fairly challenging him to fight with the fist. But Ulysses, deeming his railings to be nothing more than jealousy and that envious disposition which beggars commonly manifest to brothers in their trade, mildly besought him not to trouble him, but to enjoy that portion which the liberality of their entertainers gave him, as he did quietly; seeing that, of their bounty, there was sufficient for all.

But Irus, thinking that this forbearance in Ulysses was nothing more than a sign of fear, so much the more highly stormed, and bellowed, and provoked him to fight; and by this time the quarrel had attracted the notice of the suitors, who with loud laughters and shouting egged on the dispute; and lord Antinous swore by all the gods it should be a battle, and that in that hall the strife should be determined. To this the rest of the suitors with violent clamors acceded, and a circle was made for the combatants, and a fat goat was proposed as the victor's prize, as at the Olympic or the Pythian games. Then Ulysses, seeing no remedy, or being not unwilling that the suitors should behold some proof of that strength which ere long in their own persons they were to taste of, stripped himself, and prepared for the combat. But first he demanded that he should have fair play shown him; that none in that assembly should aid his opponent, or take part against

him, for, being an old man, they might easily crush him with their strengths. And Telemachus passed his word that no foul play should be shown him, but that each party should be left to their own unassisted strengths, and to this he made Antinous and the rest of the suitors swear.

But when Ulysses had laid aside his garments, and was bare to the waist, all the beholders admired at the goodly sight of his large shoulders, being of such exquisite shape and whiteness, and at his great and brawny bosom, and the youthful strength which seemed to remain in a man thought so old; and they said, "What limbs and what sinews he has!" and coward fear seized on the mind of that vast beggar Irus, and he dropped his threats, and his big words, and would have fled, but lord Antinous stayed him, and threatened him that if he declined the combat, he would put him in a ship, and land him on the shores where king Echetus reigned, the roughest tyrant which at that time the world contained, and who had that antipathy to rascal beggars, such as he, that when any landed on his coast he would crop their ears and noses and give them to the dogs to tear. So Irus, in whom fear of king Echetus prevailed above the fear of Ulysses, addressed himself to the fight. But Ulysses, provoked to be engaged in so odious a strife with a fellow of his base conditions, and loathing longer to be made a spectacle to entertain the eyes of his foes, with one blow, which he struck him beneath the ear, so shattered the teeth and jawbone of this soon baffled coward that he laid him sprawling in the dust, with small stomach or ability to renew the contest. Then raising him on his feet, he led him bleeding and sputtering to the door, and put his staff into his hand, and bade him go use

his command upon dogs and swine, but not presume himself to be lord of the guests another time, nor of the beggary!

The suitors applauded in their vain minds the issue of the contest, and rioted in mirth at the expense of poor Irus, who they vowed should be forthwith embarked, and sent to king Echetus; and they bestowed thanks on Ulysses for ridding the court of that unsavory morsel, as they called him; but in their inward souls they would not have cared if Irus had been victor, and Ulysses had taken the foil,[1] but it was mirth to them to see the beggars fight. In such pastimes and light entertainments the day wore away.

When evening was come, the suitors betook themselves to music and dancing. And Ulysses leaned his back against a pillar from which certain lamps hung which gave light to the dancers, and he made show of watching the dancers, but very different thoughts were in his head. And as he stood near the lamps, the light fell upon his head, which was thin of hair and bald, as an old man's. And Eurymachus, a suitor, taking occasion from some words which were spoken before, scoffed, and said, "Now I know for a certainty that some god lurks under the poor and beggarly appearance of this man; for, as he stands by the lamps, his sleek head throws beams around it, like as it were a glory." And another said, "He passes his time, too, not much unlike the gods, lazily living exempt from labor, taking offerings of men." "I warrant," said Eurymachus again, "he could not raise a fence or dig a ditch for his livelihood, if a man would hire him to work in a garden."

"I wish," said Ulysses, "that you who speak this and myself were to be tried at any taskwork: that I had a

[1] *taken the foil*, suffered defeat.

good crooked scythe put in my hand, that was sharp and strong, and you such another, where the grass grew longest, to be up by daybreak, mowing the meadows till the sun went down, not tasting of food till we had finished; or that we were set to plough four acres in one day of good glebe [1] land, to see whose furrows were evenest and cleanest; or that we might have one wrestling-bout together; or that in our right hands a good steel-headed lance were placed, to try whose blows fell heaviest and thickest upon the adversary's head-piece. I would cause you such work as you should have small reason to reproach me with being slack at work. But you would do well to spare me this reproach, and to save your strength till the owner of this house shall return, till the day when Ulysses shall return, when returning he shall enter upon his birthright."

This was a galling speech to those suitors, to whom Ulysses's return was indeed the thing which they most dreaded; and a sudden fear fell upon their souls, as if they were sensible of the real presence of that man who did indeed stand amongst them, but not in that form as they might know him; and Eurymachus, incensed, snatched a massy cup which stood on a table near and hurled it at the head of the supposed beggar, and but narrowly missed the hitting of him; and all the suitors rose, as at once, to thrust him out of the hall, which they said his beggarly presence and his rude speeches had profaned. But Telemachus cried to them to forbear, and not to presume to lay hands upon a wretched man to whom he had promised protection. He asked if they were mad, to mix

[1] *glebe*, turfy soil that is hard to plough.

such abhorred uproar with his feasts. He bade them take their food and their wine, to sit up or to go to bed at their free pleasures, so long as he should give license to that freedom; but why should they abuse his banquet, or let the words which a poor beggar spake have power to move their spleens so fiercely?

They bit their lips and frowned for anger to be checked so by a youth; nevertheless from that time they had the grace to abstain, either for shame, or that Athene had infused into them a terror of Ulysses's son.

So that day's feast was concluded without bloodshed, and the suitors, tired with their sports, departed severally each man to his apartment. Only Ulysses and Telemachus remained. And now Telemachus, by his father's direction, went and brought down into the hall armor and lances from the armory; for Ulysses said, "On the morrow we shall have need of them." And moreover he said, "If any one shall ask why you have taken them down, say it is to clean them and scour them from the rust which they have gathered since the owner of this house went for Troy." And as Telemachus stood by the armor, the lights were all gone out, and it was pitch dark, and the armor gave out glistening beams as of fire, and he said to his father, "The pillars of the house are on fire." And his father said, "It is the gods who sit above the stars, and have power to make the night as light as the day." And he took it for a good omen. And Telemachus fell to cleaning and sharpening of the lances.

Now Ulysses had not seen his wife Penelope in all the time since his return; for the queen did not care to mingle *with the suitors* at their banquets, but, as became one that

had been Ulysses's wife, kept much in private, spinning and doing her excellent housewiferies among her maids in the remote apartments of the palace. Only upon solemn days she would come down and show herself to the suitors. And Ulysses was filled with a longing desire to see his wife again, whom for twenty years he had not beheld, and he softly stole through the known passages of his beautiful house, till he came where the maids were lighting the queen through a stately gallery that led to the chamber where she slept. And when the maids saw Ulysses, they said, "It is the beggar who came to the court to-day, about whom all that uproar was stirred up in the hall: what does he here?" But Penelope gave commandment that he should be brought before her, for she said, "It may be that he has travelled, and has heard something concerning Ulysses."

Then was Ulysses right glad to hear himself named by his queen, to find himself in nowise forgotten, nor her great love towards him decayed in all that time that he had been away. And he stood before his queen, and she knew him not to be Ulysses, but supposed that he had been some poor traveller. And she asked him of what country he was.

He told her (as he had before told Eumæus) that he was a Cretan born, and, however poor and cast down he now seemed, no less a man than brother to Idomeneus, who was grandson to king Minos; and though he now wanted bread, he had once had it in his power to feast Ulysses. Then he feigned how Ulysses, sailing for Troy, was forced by stress of weather to put his fleet in at a port of Crete, where for twelve days he was his guest, and

entertained by him with all befitting guest-rites. And he described the very garments which Ulysses had on, by which Penelope knew he had seen her lord.

In this manner Ulysses told his wife many tales of himself, at most but painting, but painting so near to the life that the feeling of that which she took in at her ears became so strong that the kindly tears ran down her fair cheeks, while she thought upon her lord, dead as she thought him, and heavily mourned the loss of him whom she missed, whom she could not find, though in very deed he stood so near her.

Ulysses was moved to see her weep, but he kept his own eyes dry as iron or horn in their lids, putting a bridle upon his strong passion, that it should not issue to sight.

Then told he how he had lately been at the court of Thesprotia, and what he had learned concerning Ulysses there, in order as he had delivered to Eumæus; and Penelope was wont to believe that there might be a possibility of Ulysses being alive, and she said, "I dreamed a dream this morning. Methought I had twenty household fowl which did eat wheat steeped in water from my hand, and there came suddenly from the clouds a crook-beaked hawk, who soused[1] on them and killed them all, trussing[2] their necks; then took his flight back up to the clouds. And in my dream methought that I wept and made great moan for my fowls, and for the destruction which the hawk had made; and my maids came about me to comfort me. And in the height of my griefs the hawk came back, and lighting upon the beam of my chamber, he said to me in a man's voice, which sounded strangely

even in my dream, to hear a hawk to speak: 'Be of good cheer,' he said, 'O daughter of Icarius! for this is no dream which thou hast seen, but that which shall happen to thee indeed. Those household fowl, which thou lamentest so without reason, are the suitors who devour thy substance, even as thou sawest the fowl eat from thy hand; and the hawk is thy husband, who is coming to give death to the suitors.' And I awoke, and went to see to my fowls if they were alive, whom I found eating wheat from their troughs, all well and safe as before my dream."

Then said Ulysses, "This dream can endure no other interpretation than that which the hawk gave to it, who is your lord, and who is coming quickly to effect all that his words told you."

"Your words," she said, "my old guest, are so sweet that would you sit and please me with your speech, my ears would never let my eyes close their spheres for very joy of your discourse; but none that is merely mortal can live without the death of sleep, so the gods who are without death themselves have ordained it, to keep the memory of our mortality in our minds, while we experience that as much as we live we die every day; in which consideration I will ascend my bed, which I have nightly watered with my tears since he that was my joy departed for that bad city" — she so speaking because she could not bring her lips to name the name of Troy so much hated. So for that night they parted, Penelope to her bed and Ulysses to his son, and to the armor and the lances in the hall, where they sat up all night cleaning and watching by the armor.

CHAPTER X.

THE MADNESS FROM ABOVE. — THE BOW OF ULYSSES. — THE SLAUGHTER. — THE CONCLUSION.

WHEN daylight appeared, a tumultuous concourse of the suitors again filled the hall; and some wondered, and some inquired what meant that glittering store of armor and lances which lay in heaps by the entry of the door; and to all that asked Telemachus made reply that he had caused them to be taken down to cleanse them of the rust and of the stain which they had contracted by lying so long unused, even ever since his father went for Troy; and with that answer their minds were easily satisfied. So to their feasting and vain rioting again they fell. Ulysses, by Telemachus's order, had a seat and a mess assigned him in the doorway, and he had his eye ever on the lances. And it moved gall in some of the great ones there present to have their feast still dulled with the society of that wretched beggar, as they deemed him; and they reviled and spurned at him with their feet. Only there was one Philætius, who had something of a better nature than the rest, that spake kindly to him, and had his age in respect. He, coming up to Ulysses, took him by the hand with a kind of fear, as if touched exceedingly with imagination of his great worth, and said thus to him: "Hail, father stranger! my brows have sweat to see the injuries which you have received; and my eyes have broke forth in tears when I have only thought, that, such being often-times the lot of worthiest men, to this plight Ulysses *may be* reduced, and that he now may wander from place

to place as you do: for such, who are compelled by need to range here and there, and have no firm home to fix their feet upon, God keeps them in this earth, as under water; so are they kept down and depressed. And a dark thread is sometimes spun in the fates of kings."

At this bare likening of the beggar to Ulysses, Athene from heaven made the suitors for foolish joy to go mad, and roused them to such a laughter as would never stop: they laughed without power of ceasing; their eyes stood full of tears for violent joys. But fears and horrible misgivings succeeded; and one among them stood up and prophesied: "Ah, wretches!" he said, "what madness from heaven has seized you, that you can laugh? see you not that your meat drops blood? a night, like the night of death, wraps you about; you shriek without knowing it; your eyes thrust forth tears; the fixed walls, and the beam that bears the whole house up, fall blood; ghosts choke up the entry; full is the hall with apparitions of murdered men; under your feet is hell; the sun falls from heaven, and it is midnight at noon." But, like men whom the gods had infatuated to their destruction, they mocked at his fears; and Eurymachus said, "This man is surely mad: conduct him forth into the market-place; set him in the light; for he dreams that 'tis night within the house."

But Theoclymenus (for that was the prophet's name), whom Athene had graced with a prophetic spirit, that he, foreseeing, might avoid the destruction which awaited them, answered, and said, "Eurymachus, I will not require a guide of thee: for I have eyes and ears, the use of both my feet, and a sane mind within me; and

with these I will go forth of the doors, because I know the imminent evils which await all you that stay, by reason of this poor guest who is a favorite with all the gods." So saying, he turned his back upon those inhospitable men, and went away home, and never returned to the palace.

These words which he spoke were not unheard by Telemachus, who kept still his eye upon his father, expecting fervently when he would give the sign which was to precede the slaughter of the suitors.

They, dreaming of no such thing, fell sweetly to their dinner, as joying in the great store of banquet which was heaped in full tables about them; but there reigned not a bitterer banquet planet in all heaven than that which hung over them this day by secret destination of Athene.

There was a bow which Ulysses left when he went for Troy. It had lain by since that time, out of use and unstrung, for no man had strength to draw that bow, save Ulysses. So it had remained, as a monument of the great strength of its master. This bow, with the quiver of arrows belonging thereto, Telemachus had brought down from the armory on the last night along with the lances; and now Athene, intending to do Ulysses an honor, put it into the mind of Telemachus to propose to the suitors to try who was strongest to draw that bow; and he promised that to the man who should be able to draw that bow his mother should be given in marriage — Ulysses's wife the prize to him who should bend the bow of Ulysses.

There was great strife and emulation stirred up among

the suitors at those words of the prince Telemachus. And to grace her son's words, and to confirm the promise which he had made, Penelope came and showed herself that day to the suitors; and Athene made her that she appeared never so comely in their sight as on that day, and they were inflamed with the beholding of so much beauty, proposed as the price of so great manhood; and they cried out that if all those heroes who sailed to Colchis for the rich purchase of the golden-fleeced ram had seen earth's richer prize, Penelope, they would not have made their voyage, but would have vowed their valors and their lives to her, for she was at all parts faultless.

And she said, "The gods have taken my beauty from me, since my lord went for Troy." But Telemachus willed his mother to depart and not be present at that contest; for he said, "It may be, some rougher strife shall chance of this than may be expedient for a woman to witness." And she retired, she and her maids, and left the hall.

Then the bow was brought into the midst, and a mark was set up by prince Telemachus; and lord Antinous, as the chief among the suitors, had the first offer; and he took the bow, and, fitting an arrow to the string, he strove to bend it, but not with all his might and main could he once draw together the ends of that tough bow; and when he found how vain a thing it was to endeavor to draw Ulysses's bow, he desisted, blushing for shame and for mere anger. Then Eurymachus adventured, but with no better success; but as it had torn the hands of Antinous, so did the bow tear and strain his hands, and marred his delicate fingers, yet could he not once stir the string.

Then called he to the attendants to bring fat and unctuous matter, which melting at the fire, he dipped the bow therein, thinking to supple it and make it more pliable; but not with all the helps of art could he succeed in making it to move. After him Liodes, and Amphinomus, and Polybus, and Eurynomus, and Polyctorides essayed their strength; but not any one of them, or of the rest of those aspiring suitors, had any better luck; yet not the meanest of them there but thought himself well worthy of Ulysses's wife, though to shoot with Ulysses's bow the completest champion among them was by proof found too feeble.

Then Ulysses prayed that he might have leave to try; and immediately a clamor was raised among the suitors, because of his petition, and they scorned and swelled with rage at his presumption, and that a beggar should seek to contend in a game of such noble mastery. But Telemachus ordered that the bow should be given him, and that he should have leave to try, since they had failed; "for," he said, "the bow is mine, to give or to withhold;" and none durst gainsay the prince.

Then Ulysses gave a sign to his son, and he commanded the doors of the hall to be made fast, and all wondered at his words, but none could divine the cause. And Ulysses took the bow in his hands, and before he essayed to bend it, he surveyed it at all parts, to see whether by long lying by, it had contracted any stiffness which hindered the drawing; and as he was busied in the curious surveying of his bow, some of the suitors mocked him, and said, "Past doubt this man is a right cunning archer, and knows his *craft well.* See how he turns it over and over, and looks

into it, as if he could see through the wood!" And others said, "We wish some one would tell out gold into our laps but for so long a time as he shall be in drawing of that string." But when he had spent some little time in making proof of the bow, and had found it to be in good plight, like as a harper in tuning of his harp draws out a string, with such ease or much more did Ulysses draw to the head the string of his own tough bow, and in letting of it go, it twanged with such a shrill noise as a swallow makes when it sings through the air; which so much amazed the suitors that their colors came and went, and the skies gave out a noise of thunder, which at heart cheered Ulysses, for he knew that now his long labors by the disposal of the fates drew to an end. Then fitted he an arrow to the bow, and drawing it to the head, he sent it right to the mark which the prince had set up. Which done, he said to Telemachus, "You have got no disgrace yet by your guest, for I have struck the mark I shot at, and gave myself no such trouble in teasing the bow with fat and fire as these men did, but have made proof that my strength is not impaired, nor my age so weak and contemptible as these were pleased to think it. But come, the day going down calls us to supper; after which succeed poem and harp, and all delights which use to crown princely banquetings."

So saying, he beckoned to his son, who straight girt his sword to his side, and took one of the lances (of which there lay great store from the armory) in his hand, and armed at all points advanced towards his father.

The upper rags which Ulysses wore fell from his shoulder, and his own kingly likeness returned, when he

rushed to the great hall door with bow and quiver full of shafts, which down at his feet he poured, and in bitter words presignified[1] his deadly intent to the suitors. "Thus far," he said, "this contest has been decided harmless: now for us there rests another mark, harder to hit, but which my hands shall essay notwithstanding, if Phœbus, god of archers, be pleased to give me the mastery." With that he let fly a deadly arrow at Antinous, which pierced him in the throat, as he was in the act of lifting a cup of wine to his mouth. Amazement seized the suitors, as their great champion fell dead, and they raged highly against Ulysses, and said that it should prove the dearest shaft which he ever let fly, for he had slain a man whose like breathed not in any part of the kingdom; and they flew to their arms, and would have seized the lances, but Athene struck them with dimness of sight that they went erring up and down the hall, not knowing where to find them. Yet so infatuated were they by the displeasure of heaven that they did not see the imminent peril which impended over them; but every man believed that this accident had happened beside the intention of the doer. Fools! to think by shutting their eyes to evade destiny, or that any other cup remained for them but that which their great Antinous had tasted!

Then Ulysses revealed himself to all in that presence, and that he was the man whom they held to be dead at Troy, whose palace they had usurped, whose wife in his lifetime they had sought in impious marriage, and that for this reason destruction was come upon them. And he dealt his deadly arrows among them, and there was no

[1] *presignified*, showed beforehand.

avoiding him, nor escaping from his horrid person; and Telemachus by his side plied them thick with those murderous lances from which there was no retreat, till fear itself made them valiant, and danger gave them eyes to understand the peril. Then they which had swords drew them, and some with shields, that could find them, and some with tables and benches snatched up in haste, rose in a mass to overwhelm and crush those two: yet they singly bestirred themselves like men, and defended themselves against that great host; and through tables, shields, and all, right through, the arrows of Ulysses clove, and the irresistible lances of Telemachus; and many lay dead, and all had wounds. And Athene, in the likeness of a bird, sat upon the beam which went across the hall, clapping her wings with a fearful noise: and sometimes the great bird would fly among them, cuffing at the swords and at the lances, and up and down the hall would go, beating her wings, and troubling everything, that it was frightful to behold; and it frayed the blood from the cheeks of those heaven-hated suitors. But to Ulysses and his son she appeared in her own divine similitude, with her snake-fringed shield, a goddess armed, fighting their battles. Nor did that dreadful pair desist till they had laid all their foes at their feet. At their feet they lay in shoals: like fishes when the fishermen break up their nets, so they lay gasping and sprawling at the feet of Ulysses and his son. And Ulysses remembered the prediction of Tiresias, which said that he was to perish by his own guests, unless he slew those who knew him not.

Then certain of the queen's household went up, and told Penelope what had happened; and how her lord

Ulysses was come home, and had slain the suitors. But she gave no heed to their words, but thought that some frenzy possessed them, or that they mocked her; for it is the property of such extremes of sorrow as she had felt not to believe when any great joy cometh. And she rated and chid them exceedingly for troubling her. But they the more persisted in their asseverations of the truth of what they had affirmed; and some of them had seen the slaughtered bodies of the suitors dragged forth of the hall. And they said, "That poor guest whom you talked with last night was Ulysses." Then she was yet more fully persuaded that they mocked her, and she wept. But they said, "This thing is true which we have told. We sat within, in an inner room in the palace, and the doors of the hall were shut on us, but we heard the cries and the groans of the men that were killed, but saw nothing, till at length your son called to us to come in, and entering we saw Ulysses standing in the midst of the slaughtered." But she, persisting in her unbelief, said that it was some god which had deceived them to think it was the person of Ulysses.

By this time Telemachus and his father had cleansed their hands from the slaughter, and were come to where the queen was talking with those of her household; and when she saw Ulysses, she stood motionless, and had no power to speak, sudden surprise and joy and fear and many passions so strove within her. Sometimes she was clear that it was her husband that she saw, and sometimes the alteration which twenty years had made in his person (yet that was not much) perplexed her that she knew *not what to think*, and for joy she could not believe, and

yet for joy she would not but believe; and, above all, that sudden change from a beggar to a king troubled her, and wrought uneasy scruples in her mind. But Telemachus, seeing her strangeness, blamed her, and called her an ungentle and tyrannous mother; and said that she showed a too great curiousness of modesty to abstain from embracing his father, and to have doubts of his person, when to all present it was evident that he was the very real and true Ulysses.

Then she mistrusted no longer, but ran and fell upon Ulysses's neck, and said, "Let not my husband be angry, that I held off so long with strange delays; it is the gods, who severing us for so long time, have caused this unseemly distance in me. If Menelaus's wife had used half my caution, she would never have taken so freely to a stranger; and she might have spared us all these plagues which have come upon us through her shameless deed."

These words with which Penelope excused herself wrought more affection in Ulysses than if upon a first sight she had given up herself implicitly to his embraces; and he wept for joy to possess a wife so discreet, so answering to his own staid mind, that had a depth of wit proportioned to his own, and one that held chaste virtue at so high a price. And he thought the possession of such a one cheaply purchased with the loss of all Circe's delights and Calypso's immortality of joys; and his long labors and his severe sufferings past seemed as nothing, now they were crowned with the presence of his virtuous and true wife Penelope. And as sad men at sea, whose ship has gone to pieces nigh shore,

swimming for their lives, all drenched in foam and brine, crawl up to some poor patch of land, which they take possession of with as great a joy as if they had the world given them in fee, with such delight did this chaste wife cling to her lord restored, and once again clasp a living Ulysses.

So from that time the land had rest from the suitors. And the happy Ithacans with songs and solemn sacrifices of praise to the gods celebrated the return of Ulysses; for he that had been so long absent was returned to wreak the evil upon the heads of the doers; in the place where they had done the evil, there wreaked he his vengeance upon them.

NOTES.

PAGE 1. — "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way," is Autolycus's jolly song at the end of Act. iv, Scene iii, of *Winter's Tale.*

PAGE 1. — On *Henry Vaughan, Silurist,* see the note to page 132 in Vol. VI of the Heart of Oak Books.

PAGE 2. — "The Story of the Argonauts" is translated from a collection of tales told by Berthold George Niebuhr, the celebrated historian of Rome, to his son Marcus, a child about four years of age. The son says that during the relation of them, his father connected the various personages and objects alluded to in the tales with ancient works of art, which were to be found in the collections at Rome; and he speaks of his recollection of the joy he experienced in believing that he had found the cavern of Cacus in Mount Aventinus (Tales of Hercules), and of his endeavors to find out the various adventures of Hercules on the bass-reliefs. He says that the mere recital of the tales without the father's illustrations but imperfectly conveys the lively interest which they excited under such favorable circumstances.

PAGE 12. — The text of the *Grimm Tales* in this book is that of the first selection presented to English readers, by Mr. Edgar Taylor, *London,* 1823. "The collection from which the Tales are taken," he says in his Preface, "is one of great extent, obtained for the most part from the mouths of German peasants by the indefatigable exertions of John and William Grimm, brothers in kindred and taste. — The result of their labors ought to be peculiarly interesting to English readers, inasmuch as many of their national tales are proved to be of the highest Northern antiquity. Strange to say, 'Jack, commonly called the Giant-killer, and Tom Thumb, landed in England from the same hulls and war-ships which conveyed Hengist and Horsa, and Ebba the Saxon.' Who would have expected that Whittington and his Cat, whose identity and London citizenship appeared so certain; — Tom Thumb, whose parentage Hearne had traced, and whose monumental honors were the boast of Lincoln; — or the Giant-destroyer of Tylney, whose bones were supposed to moulder in his native village in Norfolk, should be equally renowned amongst the humblest inhabitants of Munster and Paderborn?"

In a letter to Mr. Taylor, Jan. 16, 1823, commending his version and contributing some notes, Sir Walter Scott says, "Independently of the curious circumstance that such tales should be found existing in very different countries and languages, there is also a sort of wild fairy interest in them, which makes me think them fully better adapted to awaken the imagination and soften the heart of childhood than the good-boy stories which have been in later years composed for them. In the latter case, their minds are, as it were, put into the stocks, like their feet at the dancing-school, and the moral always consists in good moral conduct being crowned with temporal success. Truth is, I would not give one tear shed over Little Red Riding Hood for all the benefit to be derived from a hundred histories of Jemmy Goodchild. . . . In a word, I think the selfish tendencies will be soon enough acquired in this arithmetical age; and that, to make the higher class of character, our wild fictions — like our own simple music — will have more effect in awakening the fancy and elevating the disposition than the colder and more elaborate compositions of modern authors and composers."

A second series of these German Popular Stories was published by Mr. Taylor in 1826, and both series were reprinted in 1868 with Cruikshank's famous etchings, and an Introduction by Mr. Ruskin, from which the following extracts are taken:

"In the best stories recently written for the young, there is a taint which it is not easy to define, but which inevitably follows on the author's addressing himself to children bred in school-rooms and drawing-rooms, instead of fields and woods — children whose favorite amusements are premature imitations of the vanities of elder people, and whose conceptions of beauty are dependent partly on costliness of dress. The fairies who interfere in the fortunes of these little ones are apt to be resplendent chiefly in millinery and satin slippers, and appalling more by their airs than their enchantments. . . .

"As the simplicity of the sense of beauty has been lost in recent tales for children, so also the simplicity of their conception of love. That word which, in the heart of a child, should represent the most constant and vital part of its being; . . . and whose meaning should soften and animate every emotion through which the inferior things and the feeble creatures, set beneath it in its narrow world, are revealed to its curiosity or companionship; — this word, in modern child-story, is too often restrained and darkened into the hieroglyph of an evil mystery, troubling the sweet peace of youth with premature gleams of uncomprehended passion, and flitting shadows of unrecognized sin.

"*These grave* faults in the spirit of recent child-fiction are connected with a parallel folly of purpose. Parents who are too indolent and self-

indulgent to form their children's characters by wholesome discipline, or in their own habits and principles of life are conscious of setting before them no faultless example, vainly endeavor to substitute the persuasive influence of moral precept, intruded in the guise of amusement, for the strength of moral habit, compelled by righteous authority. . . .

"A child should not need to choose between right and wrong. It should not be capable of wrong; it should not conceive of wrong. Obedient, as bark to helm, not by sudden strain or effort, but in the freedom of its bright course of constant life; true, with an undistinguished, painless, unboastful truth, in a crystalline household world of truth; gentle, through daily entreatings of gentleness, and honorable trusts, and pretty prides of child-fellowship in offices of good; strong, not in bitter and doubtful contest with temptation, but in peace of heart, and armor of habitual right, from which temptation falls like thawing hail; self-commanding, not in sick restraint of mean appetites and covetous thoughts, but in vital joy of unluxurious life, and contentment in narrow possession, wisely esteemed.

"Children so trained have no need of moral fairy tales; but they will find in the apparently vain and fitful courses of any tradition of old time, honestly delivered to them, a teaching for which no other can be substituted, and of which the power cannot be measured; animating for them the material world with inextinguishable life, fortifying them against the glacial cold of selfish science, and preparing them submissively, and with no bitterness of astonishment, to behold, in later years, the mystery — divinely appointed to remain such to all human thought — of the fates that happen alike to the evil and the good.

"And the effect of the endeavor to make stories moral upon the literary merit of the work itself, is as harmful as the motive of the effort is false. For every fairy tale worth recording at all is the remnant of a tradition possessing true historical value; — historical, at least in so far as it has naturally arisen out of the mind of a people under special circumstances, and risen not without meaning, nor removed altogether from their sphere of religious faith. It sustains afterwards natural changes from the sincere action of the fear or fancy of successive generations; it takes new color from their manner of life, and new form from their changing moral tempers. As long as these changes are natural and effortless, accidental and inevitable, the story remains essentially true, altering its form, indeed, like a flying cloud, but remaining a sign of the sky; a shadowy image, as truly a part of the great firmament of the human mind as the light of reason which it seems to interrupt. But the fair deceit and innocent error of it cannot be interpreted nor restrained by a wilful purpose, and all additions to it by art do but defile, as the shey-

herd disturbs the flakes of morning mist with smoke from his fire of dead leaves.

"There is also a deeper collateral mischief in this indulgence of licentious change and retouching of stories to suit particular tastes, or inculcate favorite doctrines. It directly destroys the child's power of rendering any such belief as it would otherwise have been in his nature to give to an imaginative vision. How far it is expedient to occupy his mind with ideal forms at all may be questionable to many, though not to me; but it is quite beyond question that if we do allow of the fictitious representation, that representation should be calm and complete, possessed to the full, and read down its utmost depth. The little reader's attention should never be confused or disturbed, whether he is possessing himself of fairy tale or history. Let him know his fairy tale accurately, and have perfect joy or awe in the conception of it as if it were real; thus he will always be exercising his power of grasping realities: but a confused, careless, and discrediting tenure of the fiction will lead to as confused and careless reading of fact. Let the circumstances of both be strictly perceived, and long dwelt upon, and let the child's own mind develop fruit of thought from both. It is of the greatest importance early to secure this habit of contemplation, and therefore it is a grave error, either to multiply unnecessarily, or to illustrate with extravagant richness, the incidents presented to the imagination. It should multiply and illustrate them for itself; and, if the intellect is of any real value, there will be a mystery and wonderfulness in its own dreams which would only be thwarted by external illustration. . . .

"In genuine forms of minor tradition, a rude and more or less illiterate tone will always be discernible; for all the best fairy tales have owed their birth, and the greater part of their power, to narrowness of social circumstances; they belong properly to districts in which walled cities are surrounded by bright and unblemished country, and in which a healthy and bustling town life, not highly refined, is relieved by, and contrasted with, the calm enchantment of pastoral and woodland scenery, either under humble cultivation by peasant masters, or left in its natural solitude. Under conditions of this kind the imagination is enough excited to invent instinctively (and rejoice in the invention of) spiritual forms of wildness and beauty, while yet it is restrained and made cheerful by the familiar accidents and relations of town life, mingling always in its fancy humorous and vulgar circumstances with pathetic ones, and never so much impressed with its supernatural phantasies as to be in danger of retaining them as any part of its religious faith. The good spirit descends *gradually* from an angel into a fairy, and the demon shrinks into a playful *grotesque of diminutive* malevolence, while yet both keep an accredited and

vital influence upon the character and mind. But the language in which such ideas will be usually clothed must necessarily partake of their narrowness; and art is systematically incognizant of them, having only strength under the conditions which awake them to express itself in an irregular and gross grotesque, fit only for external architectural decoration."

PAGE **32.** — "The Walrus and the Carpenter." "The pleasance of this fairy tale" is familiar to all who delight in the delicate fancies and delicious absurdities of Lewis Carroll's *Through a Looking-Glass*.

"'You like poetry?' asked Tweedledee.

"'Ye—es, pretty well — some poetry,' Alice said doubtfully.

"'What shall I repeat?' said Tweedledee, looking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes.

"'"The Walrus and the Carpenter" is longest,' Tweedledum replied, giving his brother an affectionate hug.

"Tweedledee began instantly: 'The sun was shining —'

"Here Alice ventured to interrupt him. 'If it is very long —' she said as politely as she could.

"Tweedledee smiled gently and began again."

PAGE **51.** — "The Bee and the Flower." Marian's song in Act IV., sc. i. of "The Forresters."

PAGE **74.** — "The Children in the Wood," according to Ritson, "appears to have been written in 1595, being entered in that year on the stationers' books."

"It is perhaps the most popular of all English ballads," says Professor Child in his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, "and its merit is attested by the favor it has enjoyed with so many generations." Addison called it one of the dearest songs of the people, and the delight of most Englishmen at some time in their life.

PAGE **80.** — "Jack, the Giant-Killer." The text given herewith is formed upon two or three old versions in the Boswell collection of chapbooks at Harvard College, vol. 32.

PAGE **102.** — Both "Ali Baba" and "Aladdin" are traditional versions of marvellous stories in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, from the "Child's Own Book."

PAGE **135.** — "Piping down the Valleys Wild" is the introduction to Blake's *Songs of Innocence*. "The number of engraved pages in the *Songs of Innocence* alone was twenty-seven," writes Alexander Gilchrist, Blake's biographer. "They were done up in boards by Mrs. Blake's hand, forming a small octavo; so that the poet and his wife did every-

thing in making the book, — writing, designing, printing, engraving, — everything except manufacturing the paper: the very ink, or color rather, they did make. Never before, surely, was a man so literally the author of his own book. 'Songs of Innocence, the author and printer W. Blake, 1789,' is the title." "The Shepherd," on page 137, is from the *Songs of Innocence*. The text here given is from a reprint of the original edition.

PAGE **136**. — "We set forward," wrote Dorothy Wordsworth in her Diary on the 16th of April (Good Friday), 1802. "The valley is at first broken by little rocky woody knolls that make retiring places, fairy valleys in the vale. The river winds along under these hills, travelling not in a bustle but not slowly, to the lake. . . . When we came to the foot of Brother's Water, I left William sitting on the bridge, and went along the path on the right side of the lake through the wood. I was delighted with what I saw: the water under the boughs of the bare old trees, the simplicity of the mountains and the exquisite beauty of the path. There was one gray cottage. I repeated the 'Glow-worm' as I walked along. I hung over the gate and thought I could have staid for ever. When I returned I found William writing a poem descriptive of the sights and sounds we saw and heard. There was the gentle flowing of the stream, the glittering lively lake, green fields without a living creature to be seen on them; behind us a flat pasture with forty-two cattle feeding; to our left, the road leading to the hamlet. No smoke there; the sun shone on the bare roofs. The people were at work ploughing, harrowing, and sowing; lasses working; a dog barking now and then; cocks crowing; birds twittering; the snow in patches at the top of the highest hills. . . . William finished his poem before we got to the foot of Kirkstone."

PAGE **137**. — "Where the bee sucks, there suck I." From the *Tempest*, Act V., sc. i., v. 88.

PAGE **140**. — "Over hill, over dale." From *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II., sc. i., v. 2.

PAGE **141**. — In 1794 Blake put forth the *Songs of Experience* as complement to the *Songs of Innocence*, which he had published five years before. Among them is "The Fly." "As the title fitly shadows," writes Gilchrist, the biographer of Blake, "the series is of grander, sterner calibre, of gloomier wisdom."

PAGE **144**. — "A Christmas Carol" is the second part of the ballad known as the "Cherry-Tree Carol," which Bullen pronounces the finest of all carols. Texts differ, no two being alike. This part is often given as a separate carol, and "is traditional in Somersetshire," says Professor

Child, in *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Part III., page 5. The text here given is from Chappell's Christmas Carols, edited by Dr. E. F. Rimbault, page 22, without modernizations.

PAGE **145.** — "You like the *Odyssey?*" wrote Lamb to Bernard Barton. "Did you ever read my *Adventures of Ulysses,* founded on Chapman's old translation — for children or men? Chapman is divine, and my abridgement has not quite emptied him of his divinity."

Lamb says in the preface: "This work treats of the conduct and sufferings of Ulysses, the father of Telemachus. The picture which it exhibits is that of a brave man struggling with adversity; by a wise use of events, and with an inimitable presence of mind under difficulties, forcing out a way for himself through the severest trials to which human life can be exposed; with enemies natural and preternatural surrounding him on all sides. The agents in this tale, besides men and women, are giants, enchanters, sirens: things which denote external force or internal temptations, the twofold danger which a wise fortitude must expect to encounter in its course through this world. The fictions contained in it will be found to comprehend some of the most admired inventions of Grecian mythology.

"The groundwork of the story is as old as the *Odyssey*, but the moral and the coloring are comparatively modern. By avoiding the prolixity which marks the speeches and the descriptions in Homer, I have gained a rapidity to the narration which I hope will make it more attractive and give it more the air of a romance to young readers."

The text here given is from "The Works of Charles Lamb," edited by Percy Fitzgerald. London: E. Moxon & Co., 1876.

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PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY.

THE KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION WILL BE FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF EACH PAGE.

Acheron, ak′e-ron.
Achilles, a-kil′ēz.
Æaea, ē-ē′ä.
Æaetes, ē-ē′tē̤z.
Ægisthus, ē-jis′thus.
Æolus, ē′ō-lus.
Æson, ēs′-n.
Æthiopians, ē-thi-ō′pi-anz.
Agamemnon, a-ga-mem′non.
Ajax, ā′jaks.
Aladdin, a-la′din.
Alcinous, al-sin′ō-us.
Alcmena, alk-mē′nä.
Alcmene, alk-mē′nē.
Ali Baba, ä′li-bä′bä.
Amphinomus, am-fin′ō-mus.
Amphion, am-fī′on.
Amycus, am′i-kus.
Antinous, an-tin′-ō-us.
Antiope, an-tī-ō-pē.
Antiphus, an′ti-fus.
Apollo, a-pol′ō.
Arcesius, är-sē-shi-us.
Argo, är′gō.
Argonauts, är′gŏ-nâtz.
Ariadne, a-ri-ad′nē.
Ariel, ā′ri-el.
Asia, ā′shyä (*or* ā′zhyä).
Athamas, ath′a-mas (*or* -maz).
Athena, a-thē′-nä.
Athene, a-thē′nē.
Athens, ath′enz.

Badroulboudour, ba-dröl′bö-dör.
Boötes, bŏ-ō′tēz.
Boreas, bō′rē-as.

Cadi, kä′dē.
Cadmus, kad′mus.
Callirhoë, ka-lir′ō-ē.
Calypso, ka-lip′sō.
Casabianca, kä-zä-byän′kä (*or* kä-sä-bi-änk′ä).
Cassim, käs′sēm.
Castor, kas′tor.
Ceres, sē′rēz.
Charybdis, ka-rib′dis.
Cicons, sī′konz.
Circe, sèr′sē.
Clymene, klim′-e-nē.
Clytemnestra, kli-tem-nes′tra.
Cocytus, kŏ-sī′tus.

fât, met, pin, not, tub; fāte, mēte, pine, nōte, mūte; fär, mōve; fall, nôr; hèr; oil. ē, ō, etc., indicate long vowels shortened in unaccented syllables, without loss of their original quality; a, e, o (lighter face) indicate similar shortening, with the quality approaching the neutral *u*-sound in but, republican, prudent, idiot, Persia, the book.

Cogia Hassan, kō′gyä hăs′săn.
Colchis, kol′kis.
Cratis, krā′tis.
Crete, krēt.
Cyclops, sī′klops.
Cythera, si-thē′rä.

Delphobus, dĕ-if′ō-bus.
Delos, dē′los.
Demodocus, de-mod′ō-kus.
Diana, dī-an′ä (*or* di-ā′nä).
Dodona, dō-dō′nä.
Dulichium, dö-lik′i-um.

Echetus, ek′e-tus.
Ephialtes, ef-i-al′tēz.
Eryphile, e-rif′i-lē.
Eumæus, ū-mē′us.
Eurus, ū′rus.
Eurylochus, ū-ril′ō-kus.
Eurymachus, ū-rim′ä-kus.
Eurynomus, ū-rin′ō-mus.

Galligantus, gal-i-gan′tus.

Hades, hā′dēz.
Hebe, hē′bē.
Helle, hel′ē.
Hephæstus, he-fes′tus.
Hephaistos, hē-fīs′tos.
Hercules, hèr′kū-lēz.
Hermes, hèr′mēz.

Iasion, ī-ā′shun.
Icarius, ī-kā′ri-us.
Idomeneus, ī-dom′e-nūs.
Ino, ī′nō.
Ino Leucothea, ī′nō lū-kō-thē′ä.
Iolchos, ī-ol′kos.
Iphimedia, if-i-mē′di-ä.
Irus, ī′rus.
Ismarus, is′mä-rus.
Ithaca, ith′ä-kä.

Jason, jās′-n.
Jocasta, jō-kas′tä.
Jove, jōv.

Laertes, lā-èr′tēz.
Læstrygonians, les-tri-gō′ni-anz.
Lamos, lā′mos.
Latona, lā-tō′nä.
Leda, lē′dä.
Liodes, lī-ō′dēz.

Mæra, mē′rä.
Malea, mā′lē-ä.
Medea, mē-dē′-ä.
Megara, meg′-ä-rä.
Menelaus, men-ē-lā′us.
Mentor, men′tor.
Mercury, mèr′kū-ri.
Minos, mī′nos.
Morgiana, môr-gi-ā′nä.
Mustapha, mös′tä-fä (*or* mus′tä-fä).

Naiads, nā′yadz.
Nausicaä, nâ-sik′ă-ä.
Neleus, nē′lūs.
Neoptolemus, nē-op-tol′ē-mus.
Nephele, nef′-e-lē.
Neptune, nep′-tūn (*or* -tshön).
Nerytus, ner′i-tus.
Nestor, nes′tor.
Notus, nō′tus.

Oceanus, ō-sē′a-nus.
Œdipus, ed′i-pus.
Ogygia, ō-jij′i-ä.
Olympus, ō-lim′pus.
Orchomen, ôr′ko-men.
Orestes, ō-res′tēz.

Orion, ŏ-rī′-ŏn.
Ossa, os′sä.
Otus, ō′tus.

Panopeus, pan-ō′pūs.
Peleus, pē′lūs.
Pelias, pē′li-as.
Pelion, pē′li-on.
Penelope, pē-nel′ŏ-pē.
Perse, pèr′sē.
Phæacia, fē-ā′shi-ä.
Phædra, fē′drä.
Phasis, fā′sis.
Philætrius, fī-lē′tri-us.
Phineus, fin′ūs.
Phœbus, fē′bus.
Phrixus, frik′sus.
Pieria, pī-ē′-ri-ä.
Pirithous, pī-rith′ŏ-us.
Pleiads, plī′adz.
Pluto, plö′tō.
Pollux, pol′uks.
Polybus, pol′i-bus.
Polyctonides, pol-ik-ton′i-dēz.
Polyphemus, pol-i-fē′mus.
Priam, prī′am.
Procris, prō′kris.
Proserpine, pros′èr-pin (*or* pīn).
Pylus, pī′lus.
Pyriphlegethon, pi-ri-fleg′e-thon.
Pythian, pith′i-an.
Pytho, pī′thō.

Rumpel-stilts-kin, rum′pel stilts′ kin.

St. Pancras, sn-pang′kras.
Samos, sā′mos.
Scylla, sil′ä.
Scyros, sī′ros.
Sesame se′sä-mē (*perhaps* se′sām ; *rhymes with fame*, *lame*, p. 104).
Sirens, sī′renz.
Sisyphus, si′-si-fus.
Smyrna, smèr′nä.
Solymi, sol′i-mī.
Sparta, spär-tä.
Styx, stiks.
Symplegades, sim-pleg′-ä-dēz.

Tantalus, tan′tä-lus.
Tartary, tär′tä-ri.
Telamon, tel′a-mon.
Telemachus, te-lem′a-kus.
Theban, thē′ban.
Thebes, thēbz.
Theoclymenus, thē-ŏ-klim′e-nus.
Theseus, thē-sūs.
Thesprotia, thes-prō′shi-ä.
Thetis, thē′tis.
Thoas, thō′as.
Tiresias, tī-rē′si-as.
Tityus, tit′i-us.
Trinacria, tri-nā′kri-ä.
Trojans, trō′janz.
Troy, troi.
Tyndarus, tin′da-rus.
Tyro, tī′rō.

Ulysses, ū-lis′ēz.

Vizier, viz′yer (*or* vīz′yer).

Zacynthus, za-kin′thus.
Zetheus, zē′thūs.
Zeus, zūs.

ē, ŏ, etc., indicate long vowels shortened in unaccented syllables, without loss of their original quality; a, e, o (lighter face) indicate similar shortening, with the quality approaching the neutral *u*-sound in but, republican, prudent, idiot, Persiä, thē book.

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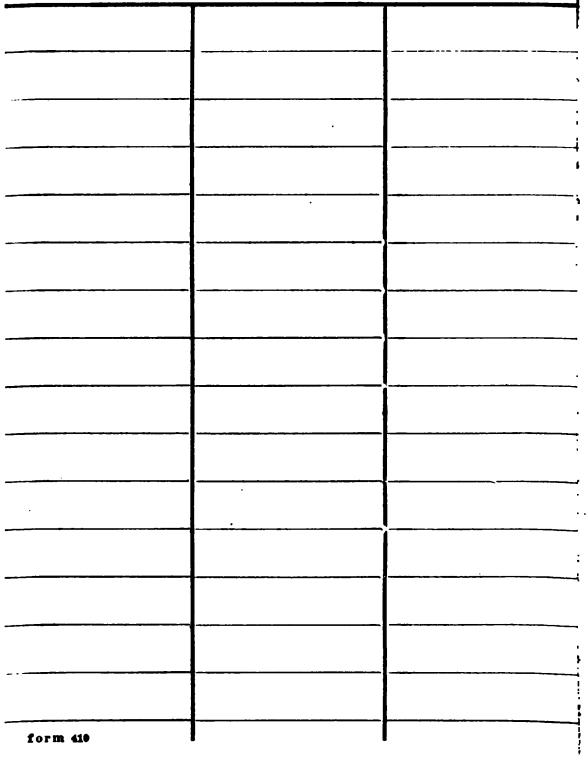
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